

THE FORUM

FOR APRIL 1912

HYPSSIPYLE

MAURICE HEWLETT

QUEEN of the shadows, Maid and Wife,
Twofold in essence, as in life,
The lamp of Death, the star of Birth,
Half cradled and half mourned by Earth,
By Hell half won, half lost! aid me
To sing thy fond Hypsipyle,
Thy bosom's mate who, unafraid,
Renounced for thee what part she had
In sun and wind upon the hill,
In dawn about the mere, in still
Woodlands, in kiss of lapping wave,
In laughter, in love—all this she gave!—
And shared thy dream-life, visited
The sunless country of the dead,
There to abide with thee, their Queen,
In that gray region, shadow-seen
By them that cast no shadows, yet
Themselves are shadows. Nor forget,
Koré, her love made manifest
To thee, familiar of her breast
And partner of her whispering mouth.

Thee too, Our Lady of the South,
Uranian Kypris, I invoke,
Regent of starry space, with stroke
Of splendid wing, in whose white wake
Stream those who, filled with thee, forsake

Their clinging shroudy clots, and rise,
Lover and loved, to thy pure skies,
To thy blue realm! O lady, touch
My lips with rue, for she loved much.

What poet in what cloistered nook,
Indenting in what roll of a book
His rhymes, can voice the tides of love?
Nay, thrilling lark, nay, moaning dove,
The nightingale's full-chargèd throat
That cheereth now, and now doth gloat,
And now recordeth bitter-sweet
Longing, too wise to image it:
These be your minstrels, lovers! Choose
From their winged choir your urgent Muse;
Let her your speechless joys relate
Which men with words sophisticate,
Striving by reasons, make appear
To head what heart proclaims so clear
To heart; as if by wit to wis
What mouth to mouth tells in a kiss,
Or in their syllogisms dry
Freeze a swift glance's cogency.
Nay, but the heart's so music-fraught,
Music is all in love, words naught.
One heart's a rote, with music stored,
Though mute; but two hearts make a chord
Of piercing music. One alone
Is nothing: two make the full tone.



On Enna's uplands, on a lea
Between the mountains and the sea,
Shadowed anon by wandering cloud,
Or flickering wings of birds a-crowd,
And now all golden in the sun,
See Koré, see her maidens run

Hither and thither through those hours
Of dawn among the wide-eyed flowers,
While gentian, crocus, asphodel
(With rosy star in each white bell),
Anemone, blood-red with rings
Of paler fire, that plant that swings
A crimson cluster in the wind,
They pluck, or sit anon to bind
Of these earth-stars a coronet
For their smooth-tressèd Queen, who yet
Strays with her darling interlaced,
Hypsipyle the grave, the chaste—
Her whose gray shadow-life with his
Who singeth now for ever is.
She, little slim thing, Koré's mate,
Child-faced, gray-eyed, of sober gait,
Of burning mind and passion pent
To image-making, ever went
Where wonned her Mistress; for those two
By their hearts' grace together grew,
The one to need, the one to give,
(As women must if they would live,
Who substance win by waste of self
And only spend to hoard their pelf:
"O heart, take all of mine!" "O heart,
That which thou tak'st of thee is part—
No robbery therefore: mine is thine,
Take then!"): so she and Proserpine
Intercommunion'd each bright day,
And when night fell together lay
Cradled in arms, or cheek to cheek
Whispered the darkness out. Thou meek
And gentle vision! let me tell
Thy beauties o'er I love so well:
Thy sweet low bosom's rise and fall,
Pulsing thy heart's clear madrigal;
Or how the blue beam from thine eyes
Imageth all love's urgencies;

Thy lips' frail fragrance, as of flowers
Remembered in penurious hours
Of winter-exile; of thy brow,
Not written as thy breast of snow
With love's faint charact'ry, for his wing
Leaves not the heart long! Last I sing
Thy thin quick fingers, in whose pleaching
Lieth all healing, all good teaching—
Wherewith, touching my discontent,
I know how thou art eloquent!
Remember'd joy, Hypsipyle!
Now may that serve to comfort me,
While I, O Maiden dedicate,
Seek voice for singing thy gray Fate!

Now, as they went, one heart in two
Brushed to the knees by flowers, by dew
Anointed, by the wind caressed,
By the light kissed on eyes and breast,
'Twas Koré talked; Hypsipyle
Listened, with eyes far-set, for she
Of speech was frugal, voicing low
And rare her heart's deep underflow—
Content to lie, like fallow sweet
For rain or sun to cherish it,
Or scattered seed substance to find
In her deep-funded, quiet mind.
And thus the Goddess: "Blest art thou,
Hypsipyle, who canst not know
Until the hour strikes what must come
To pass! But I foresee the doom
And stay to meet it. Even here
The place, and now the hour!" Then fear
Took her who spake so fearless, cold
Threaded her thronging veins—behold!
A hand on either shoulder stirs
That slim sweet body close to hers,
And need fires need till, lip with lip,

They seal and sign their fellowship
While Koré, godhead all forgot,
Clings whispering, "Child, leave me not
Whenas to darkness and the dead
I go!" and clear the answer sped
From warm mouth murmuring kiss and cheer,
"Never I leave thee, O my dear!"
Thereafter stand they beatingly,
Not speaking; and the hour draws nigh.

And all the land shows passing fair,
Fair the broad sea, the living air,
The misty mountain-sides, the lake
Flecked blue and purple! To forsake
These, and those bright flower-gatherers
Scattered about this land of theirs,
That stoop or run, that kneel to pick,
That cry each other to come quick
And see new treasure, unseen yet!
Remembered joy—ah, how forget!

But mark how all must come to pass
As was foreknowned. In the grass
Whereas the goddess and her mate
Stood, one and other, prompt for fate,
Listless the first and heavy-eyed,
Astrain the second, she espied
That strange white flower, unseen before,
With chalice pale which thin stalk bore
And swung, as hanging by a hair
So fine it seemed afloat in air,
Unlinked and wafted for the feast
Of some blest mystic, without priest
Or acolyte to tender it:
Where to the maid did stoop and fit
Her hand about its silken cup,
To close it, that her mouth might sup
The honey-drop within. The bloom

Saw Koré then, and knew her doom
Foretold in it; and stood in trance
Fixed and still. No nigromance
Used she, but read the fate it bore
In seedless womb and petals froze.
Chill blew the wind, waiting stood She,
Waiting her mate Hypsipyle.

Then in clear sky the thunder tolled
Sudden, and all the mountains rolled
The dreadful summons round, and still
Lay all the lands, only the rill
Made tinkling music. Once more drave
Peal upon peal—and lo! a grave
Yawned in the Earth, and gushing smoke
Belched out, as driven, and hung, and broke
With sullen puff; like tongues the flame
Leapt following. Thence Aidoneüs came,
Swart-bearded king, with iron crown'd,
In iron mailed, his chariot bound
About with iron, holding back
Amain two steeds of glistening black
And eyeballs white-rimmed fearfully,
And nostrils red, and crests flying free;
Who held them pawing at the verge,
Tossing their spume up, as the surge
Flung high against some seaward bluff.
Nothing he spake, or smooth or gruff,
But drave his errand, gazing down
Upon the Maid, whose blown-back gown
Revealed her maiden. Still and proud
Stood she among her nymphs, unbowed
Her comely head, undimmed her eye,
Inseparate her lips and dry,
Facing his challenge of her state,
Neither denying, nor desperate,
Pleading no mercy, seeing none,
Her wild heart masked in face of stone.

But they, her bevy, clustered thick
As huddled sheep, set their eyes quick,
And held each other, hand or waist,
Paling or flushing as fear raced,
Thronging their veins—they knew not, they,
The gathered fates that broke this day.

And all the land seemed passing fair
To one who knew, and waited there.

“Goddess and Maid,” then said the King,
“Long have I sought this day should bring
An end of torment. Know me thou
God postulant, with whom below
A world awaits her queen, while here
I seek and find one without peer;
Nor deem her heedless nor unschooled
In what in Heaven is writ and ruled.
Decreed of old my bride-right was,
Decreed thy Mother’s pain and loss,
Decreed thy loathing, and decreed
That which thou shun’st to be thy need;
For thou shalt love me, Lady, yet,
Though little liking now, and fret
Of jealous care shall grave thy heart
And draw thee back when time’s to part—
If fond Demeter have her will
Against thine own.”

The Maid stood still
And guarded watched, and her proud eyes’
Scrutiny bade his own advise
Whether indeed their solemn stare
Saw Destiny and read it there
Beyond her suitor, or within
Her own heart heard the message ring.
Awhile she gazed: her stern aspect,
Young and yet fraught with Godhead, checked

Both Him who claimed, and her who'd cling,
And them who wondered. "O great King,"
She said, and mournful was her crying
As when night-winds set pine-trees sighing,
"King of the folk beyond the tide
Of sleep, behold thy chosen bride
Not shunning thee, nor seeking. Take
That which Gods neither mar nor make,
But only They, the Three, who spin
The threads which hem and mesh us in,
Both Gods and men, till she who peers
The longest cuts them with her shears.
Take, take, Aidoneüs, and take her,
My fosterling."

Then He, "O star
Of Earth, O Beacon of my days,
Light of my nights, whose beamy rays
Shall pierce the foggy cerement
Wherein my dead grope and lament
Beyond all loss the loss of light,
Come! and be pleasant in my sight.
This thy beloved—perchance she too
Shall find a suitor come to woo;
For love men leave not with their bones—
That is the soul's, and half atones
And half makes bitterer their loss,
Remembering what their fortune was."
Trembling Hypsipyle uplift
Her eyes toward the hills, where swift
The shadows flew, but no more fleet
Than often she with flying feet
And flying raiment, she with these
Her mates, whom now estranged she sees—
As if the shadow-world had spread
About her now, and she was dead—
Her mates no more! cut off by fear
From these two fearless ones. A tear

Welled up and hovered, hung a gem
Upon her eyelid's dusky hem,
As raindrops linked and strung arow
Broider with stars the winter bough.
This was her requiem and farewell
To them, thus rang she her own knell;
Nor more gave she, nor more asked they,
But took and went the fairy way.
For thus with unshed tears made blind
Went she: thus go the fairy kind
Whither fate driveth; not as we
Who fight with it, and deem us free
Therefore, and after pine, or strain
Against our prison bars in vain;
For to them Fate is Lord of Life
And Death, and idle is a strife
With such a master. They not know
Life past, life coming, but life now;
Nor back look they to long, nor forth
To hope, but sup the minute's worth
With draught so quick and keen that each
Moment gives more than we could reach
In all our term of three-score years,
Whereof full score we give to fears
Of losing them, and other score
Dreaming how fill the twenty more.

Now is the hour, Bride of the Night!
The chariot turns, the great steeds fight
That rocky entry; flies the dust
Behind the wheels at each fierce thrust
Of giant shoulder, at each lunge
Of giant haunch. Down, down they plunge
Into the dark, with rioting mane,
And the earth's door shuts-to again.
Now fly, ye Oreads, strain your arms,
Let eyes and hair voice your alarms—
Hair blown back, mouths astretch for fear,

Strained eyeballs—cry that Mother dear
Her daughter's rape; fly like the gale
That down the valleys drives the hail
In scurrying sheets, and lays the corn
Flat, which when man of woman born
Seeth, he bows him to the grass,
Whispering, in hush, *The Oreads pass.*
(In shock he knows you, and in mirth,
Since he is kindred of that earth
Which bore you in her secret stress,
Images of her loveliness,
To her dear paramour the Wind.)
Follow me now that car behind.

II

O ye that know the fairy throng,
And heed their secret under-song,
In flower or leaf's still ecstasy
Of birth and bud their passion see,
In wind or calm, in driving rain
Or frozen snow discern them strain
To utter and to be; who lie
At dawn in dewy brakes to spy
The rapture of their flying feet—
Follow me now those coursers fleet,
Sucked in their wake, down ruining
Through channelled night, where only sing
The shrill gusts streaming through the hair
Of them who sway and bend them there,
And peer in vain with shielded eyes
To rend the dark. Clinging it lies
Thick as wet gossamer that shrouds
October brushwoods, or low clouds
That from the mountain tops roll down
Into the lowland vales, to drown
Men's voices and to choke their breath
And make a silence like to death.

But this was hot and dry; it came
And smote them, like the gush of flame
Fanned in a smithy, that outpours
And floods with fire the open doors.
Downward their course was, swift as flight
Of meteor flaring through the night,
Steady and dreadful, with no sound
Of wheels or hoofs upon the ground,
Nor jolt, nor jar; for once past through
Earth's portals, steeds and chariot flew
On wings invisible and strong
And even-oaring, such as throng
The nights when birds of passage sweep
O'er cities and the folk asleep:
Such was their awful flight. Afar
Showed Hades glimmering like a star
Seen red through fog; and as they sped
To that, the frontiers of the dead
Revealed their sullen leagues and bare,
And sad forms flitting here and there,
Or, clustered, waiting who might come
Their empty ways with news of home:
Yet all one course at length must hold,
Or late or soon, and all be tolled
By Charon in his dark-bowed boat.
Thither was swept the chariot
And crossed dry-wheeled the coiling flood
Of Styx, and o'er the willow wood
And slim gray poplars which do hem
The further shore, Hell's diadem—
So by the tower foursquare and great
Where King Aidoneüs keeps his state
And rules his bodyless thralls they stand.

Dark ridge and hollow showed the land,
Fold over fold, like waves of soot
Fixed in an anguish of pursuit
For evermore, so far as eye

Could range; and all was hot and dry
As furnace is which all about
Etna scorcheth in days of drouth,
And showeth dun and sinister
That fair isle linked to main so fair.
Nor tree nor herbage grew, nor sang
Water among the rocks; hard rang
The heel on metal, or on crust
Grew tender, or went soft in dust;
Neither for beast nor bird nor snake
Was harborage; nor could such slake
Their thirst, nor from the bitter heat
Hide, since the sun not furnished it;
But airless, shadowless and dense
The land lay swooning, dead to sense
Beneath that vault of stup'rous black,
Motionless hanging, without wrack
Of cloud to break and pass, nor rent
To hint the blue. Like the foul tent
A foul night makes, it sagged; for stars
Showed hopeless faces with two scars
In each, their eyes' immortal woe,
Ever to seek and never know:
In all that still immensity
These only moved—these and the sea,
Which dun and sullen heaved, with surge
And swell unseen, save at the verge
Where fainted off the black to gray
And showed such light as on a day
Of sun's eclipse men tremble at.

Here the dead people moved or sat,
Casting no shadow, hailing none
Boldly; but in fierce undertone
They plied each other, or on-spied
Their way with signal of the head
For answer, or arms desperate
Flung up, or shrug disconsolate:

And this the question of every one.
"What hope have ye?" And answer, "None."
Never passed shadow shadow but
That answer got to question put.
In that they lived, in that, alas!
Lovely and hapless, Thou must pass
Thy days, with this for added lot—
Aching, to nurse things unforgot.

Remember'd joy, Hypsipyle!
The Oread choir, the Oread glee:
The nimble air of quickening hills,
The sweet dawn light that floods and fills
The hollowed valleys; the dawn wind
That bids the world wake, and on blind
Eyelids of sleeping mortals lays
Cool palms that urge them see and praise
The Day-God coming with the sun
To hearten toil! He warned you run
And hide your beauties deep in brake
Of fern or briar, or reed of lake,
Or in wet crevice of the rock,
There to abide until the clock
You reckon by, with shadowy hands,
Lay benediction on the lands
And landsmen, and the eve-jar's croak
Summon ye, lightfoot fairy folk,
To your activity full tide
Over the empty earth and wide.
Here be your food, fair nymph, and coy
Of mortal ken, remember'd joy!

Remember'd joy! Ah, stormy nights,
O, the mad revel when wind fights
With wind, and slantwise comes the rain
And shatters at the window-pane
To wake the hind, who little knows
Whose fingers drum those passionate blows,

Nor what swift indwellers of air
Ye be who hide in forms so fair
Your wayward motions, cruel to us,
While lovely, and dispiteous!
Ah, nights of flying scud and rout
When scared the slim young moon rides out
In her lagoon of open sky,
Or, older, marks your revelry
As calm and large she oars above
Your drifting lives of ruth or love.
Boon were those nights of dusted gold
And glint of fireflies! Boon the cold
And witching frost! All's one, all's one
To thee, whose nights and days go on
Now in one span of changeless dusk
On one earth crackling like the husk
Of the dropt mast in winter wood:
Remember'd joy—'tis all thy food,
Hypsipyle, to whose fond sprite
I vow my praise while I have light.

Dumbly she wandered there, as pale
With lack of light, with form as frail
As those poor hollow congeners
Whose searching eyes encountered hers,
Petitioning as mute as she
Some grain of hope, where none might be,
Daring not yet to voice their moan
To her whose case was not their own;
For where they go like breath in a shell
That wails, my love goes quick in Hell.

Alas for her, the sweet and slim!
Slowly she pines; her eyes grow dim
With seeking; her smooth sudden breasts
Hang languidly; those little nests
For kisses which her dimples were,
In cheeks graved hollow now by care,

Vanish, and sharply thrusts her chin,
And sharp her bones of arm and shin.
Reproach she looks, about, above,
Denied her light, denied her love,
Denied for what she sacrificed,
Doomed to be fruitless agonist.
(O God, and I must see her fade,
Must see and anguish—in my shade!)
Nor help nor comfort gat she now
From her whose need called forth her vow;
For close in arms Queen Koré dwelt
In that great tower Aidoneüs built
To cherish her; deep in his bed,
Loved as the Gods love whom they wed;
Turned from pale maiden to pale wife,
Pale now with love's insatiate strife
First to appease, and then renew
The wild desire to mingle two
Natures, to long, to seek, to shun,
To have, to give, to make two one
That must be two if they would each
Learn all the lore that love can teach.
So strove the mistress, while the maid
Went alien among the dead,
Unspoken, speaking none, but watched
By them who knew themselves outmatched
By her, translated whole, nor guessed
What miseries gnawed within that breast,
Which could be touched, which could give meat
To babe; which was not eye-deceit
As theirs, poor phantoms. So went she
Grudged but unscathed beside the sea,
Or sat alone by that sad strand
Nursing her worn cheek in her hand;
And did not mark as day on day
Lengthened the arch of changeless gray
How she was shadowed, how to her
Stretched arms another prisoner;

Nor knew herself desirable
By any thankless guest of Hell—
Withal each phantom seemed no less
Whole-natured to her heedlessness.

Midway her round of solitude
She used to haunt a dead sea-wood
Where among boulders lifeless trees
Stuck rigid fingers to the breeze—
That stream of faint hot air that flits
Aimless at noon. 'Tis there she sits
Hour after hour, and, as a dove
Croons when her breast is ripe for love,
So sings this exile, quiet sad chants
Of love, yet knows not what she wants;
And singing there in undertone
Is one day answered by the moan
Of hidden mourner; but no fear
Hath she for sound so true, though near;
Nay, but sings out her elegy,
Which, like an echo, answers he.
Again she sings; he suits her mood,
Nor breaks upon her solitude:
So she, choragus, calls the tune,
And as she leads he follows soon.
As bird with bird vies in the brake
She sings no note he will not take—
As when she pleads, "Ah, my lost love,
The night is dark thou art not of,"
Quick cometh answering the phrase,
"O love, let all our nights be days!"
This, rapt, with beating heart, she heeds
And follows, "Sweet love, my heart bleeds!
Come, stay the wound thyself didst give";
Then he, "I come to bid thee live."
And so they carol, and her heart
Swells to believe his counterpart,
And strophe striketh clear, which he

Caps with his bold antistrophe;
And as a maiden waxes bold
And opens what should not be told
When all her auditory she sees
Within her mirror, so to trees
And rocks, and sullen sounding main
She empties all her passion and pain;
And "love, love, love" her burden is,
And "I am starving for thee," his.
Moved, melted, all on fire she stands,
Holding abroad her quivering hands,
Raises her sweet eyes faint with tears
And dares to seek him whom she hears;
And from her parted lips a sigh
Stealeth, as knowing he is nigh
And her fate on her—then she'd shun
That which she seeks; but the thing's done.

Hollow-voiced, dim, her spake a shade,
"O thou that comest, nymph or maid—
If nymph, then maiden, since for aye
Virgin is immortality,
Nor love can change what Death cannot—
Look on me by love new-begot;
Look on me, child new-born, nor start
To see my form who knowest my heart;
For it is thine. O Mother and Wife,
Take then my love—thou gav'st it life!"
So spake one close; to whom she lent
The wonder of her eyes' content—
That lucent gray, as if moonlight
Shone thro' a sapphire in the night—
And saw him faintly imaged, rare
As wisp of cloud on hillside bare,
A filamental form, a wraith
Shaped like that man who in the faith
Of one puts all his hope; who stood
Trembling in her near neighborhood,

A thing of haunted eyes, of slim
And youthful seeming; yet not dim,
Yet not unmanly in his fashion
Of speech, nor impotent of passion—
The which his tones gave earnest of
And his aspect of hopeless love;
Who, drawing nearer, came to stand
So close beside her that one hand
Lit on her shoulder—yet no touch
She felt: "O maiden overmuch,"
He grieved, "O body far too sweet
For such as I, frail counterfeit
Of man, who yet was once a man,
Cut off before the midmost span
Of mortal life was but half run,
Or ere to love he had found one
Like thee—yet happy in that fate,
That, waiting, he is fortunate:
For better far in Hell to fare
With thee than commerce elsewhere,
Sharing the snug and fat outlook
Of bed and board and ingle-nook
With earth-bound woman, earth-born child.
Nay, but high love is free and wild
And centreth not in mortal things,
But to the soul he giveth wings,
And with the soul strikes partnership;
So may two let corruption slip
And breasting level, with far eyes
Lifted, seek haven in the skies,
Untrammel'd by the earthly mesh.—
O thou," said he, "of fairy flesh
Immortal prisoner, take of me
Love! 'tis my heritage in fee;
For I am very part thereof,
And share the godhead."

So his love
Pled he with tones in love well-skilled

Which on her bosom beat and thrilled,
And pierced. No word nor look she had
To voice her heart, or sad or glad.
Rapt stood she, wooed by eager word
And by her need, whose cry she heard
Above his crying; but she guessed
She was desired, beset, possessed
Already, handfasted to sight,
And yielding so, her heart she plight.

Thus was her mating: of the eyes
And ears, and her love half surmise,
Detected by her burning face
Which saw, not felt, his fierce embrace.
For on her own she knew no hand
When caging it he seemed to stand,
And round her waist felt not the warm
Sheltered peace of the belting arm
She saw him clasp withal. When rained
His words upon her, or eyes strained
As though her inmost shrine to pierce
Where hid her heart of hearts, her ears
Conceived, although her body sweet
Might never feel a young life beat
And leap within it. Ah, what cry
That mistress e'er heard poet sigh
Could voice thy beauty? Or what chant
Of music be thy ministrant?
Since thou art Music, poesy
Must both thy spouse and increase be!

In the hot dust, where lizards crouch
And pant, he made her bridal couch;
Thither down drew her to his side
And, phantom, taught her to be bride
With words so ardent, looks so hot
She needs must feel what she had not,
Guess herself in beleaguered bed

And throb response. Thus she was wed.
Love that with delicate tongues of fire
Can kindle hearts, inflamed desire
In her for him who needed it;
And so she claimed and by eyes' wit
Had what she would; and now made war,
Being, as all sweet women are,
Prudes till Love calls them, and then fierce
In love's high calling. Thus with her ears
She fed on love, and to her eyes
Lent deeds of passionate emprise—
Till, at the last, the shadowy strife
Ended, she owned herself all wife.
High mating of the mind! O love,
Since this must be, on this she throve!
Remember'd joy, Hipsipyle!
Since this must be, O love, let be.

BRIEUX

TEMPLE SCOTT

“IT is the glory of Eugène Brieux—and the future will justify this statement—that he has, at all times, written only when he had an idea to propagate, a social grievance to set in the light of day, an injustice to repair, a problem of conscience to solve. It is his glory to have expressed what he believed to be the truth, and to have done it with all the power of his thought and with all the feeling of his often deeply moved heart. It is his glory to have known the ceaseless effort of striving, without weakness and without rest, to direct the minds of his contemporaries toward their noblest ideas.”

These words by Adrien Bertrand, an ardent admirer of Brieux, reflect the character of the esteem in which Brieux is held in France to-day, by the more advanced critics and writers there. The language is somewhat exaggerated, though perhaps less so than Bernard Shaw's assurance to us that “in that kind of comedy which is so true to life that we have to call it tragi-comedy, and which is not only an entertainment but a history and a criticism of contemporary morals, Brieux is incomparably the greatest French writer France has produced since Molière.” Brieux has so impressed his contemporaries, not only with his daring genius as a playwright, but with his fearless courage as a man, that he is either worshipped by enthusiastic reformers, or heartily hated by fearful compromisers. When his play, *La Robe Rouge*, was “crowned” by the French Academy, a member of the Court of Cassation wrote: “This piece is one of the cleverest and most systematic attacks which have been made by dramatic literature against the French magistracy, and the author shows it with a malevolence which leaves nothing to be desired. I ask myself, with respectful anxiety, if the French Academy has not, in its long career, committed two errors: the first, in censuring *Le Cid* of Pierre Corneille; the second, in crowning *La Robe Rouge* of M. Brieux?”

Who is this man whose work can call forth such extreme and contrary opinions?

Eugène Brieux, or simply Brieux, as he himself invariably writes his name, was born in Paris in 1858. His father was a carpenter, living in the Faubourg du Temple, and his mother a good woman devoted to her housekeeping. It was in the workshop of a carpenter, therefore, that Brieux passed the early years of his life, and it was here also that he came to know the life of the working-man, a life which he has reproduced in his plays with such sympathetic fidelity. Of this early life, Brieux has given some touching memories to M. Adolphe Brisson. Speaking of his parents, he said: "They were not rich, but they were happy. They worked hard all the week, and when Sunday came, they bought a bottle at the wine-merchant's, a cake at the baker's, and enjoyed themselves *en famille*." Every year they somehow found the money with which to buy a ticket in the Paris Lottery, and the crippled grandmother was charged to look after the drawing of the lots. They were sure they would, one day or other, win the grand prize. But the grand prize never came. They did not then realize that they had already drawn the grand prize in their little son. But, at that time, little Eugène looked anything but a prize, running about the streets and coming home with an enormous appetite for food.

The carpenter's shop could not have contained many books, but young Brieux managed to possess himself of *Atala* and *René* and Henri Murger's *Scènes de la Vie Bohème* and Goethe's *Faust*. He read these books eagerly. By the time he was twenty Brieux had done with schooling, and had also tasted the bitter experience of trying to make a living by his pen in Paris; for his reading had made him determined to take up the career of a man of letters. Paris, however, proved but a barren field for his talents, and many years were to pass ere he had fashioned the tools with which to cultivate it. He left Paris and went to Rouen. There he spent some time working as a journalist and, finally, became editor-in-chief of the *Nouvelliste*. It was while engaged in editorial work on this newspaper that Brieux wrote his first plays: *Ménages d'Artistes*, *Blanchette*, and *L'Engrenage*. The manuscripts of these plays were sent to Paris and persistently submitted to every theatrical manager in the city. They all came back declined with or without thanks.

Brieux, however, is not the kind of man to lie down beneath such failures. He persevered and, in 1890, was rewarded for his persistent efforts by seeing *Ménages d'Artistes* produced on the stage of the *Théâtre Libre* by Antoine. Two years later the same manager produced *Blanchette*, at the same time almost that *L'Engrenage* was mounted on the boards of *Le Cercle des Escholiers*. When, in 1894, this last play was again produced at the *Comédie Française*, Brieux's place as a dramatist was assured.

From that date until the present time, when Brieux has attained his fifty-fourth year, he has written and has had produced at various theatres in France, England and America, eighteen other plays:

At *La Comédie Française*: *L'Evasion* (1896); *Le Berceau* (1898); *La Petite Amie* (1902); and *Simone* (1898).

At *L'Odéon*: *M. de Réboval* and *La Déserteuse* (1904); and *La Française* (1907).

At *La Renaissance*: *Les Hanneçons* (1906).

At *Le Vaudeville*: *La Robe Rouge* (1900); *L'Armature* (1905); and *Suzette* (1909).

At *Le Gymnase*: *Les Trois Filles de Monsieur Dupont* (1897).

At *Le Théâtre Antoine*: *Résultat des Courses* (1898); *Les Remplaçantes* (1901); *Les Avariés* and *Maternité* (1903).

At *La Porte Saint-Martin*: *Les Bienfaiteurs* (1890).

Les Hanneçons had a hard time of it with the English censorship, but it was played in England for a short run. Mr. Laurence Irving, to whom we are indebted for introducing Brieux to American playgoers, produced this play, as well as *Les Trois Filles de Monsieur Dupont*, in New York, about eighteen months ago. An attempt was made to give this latter play, and *Maternité*, in London, but the Lord Chamberlain refused to license them, and they were acted in the private theatre of the London Stage Society only. *La Robe Rouge*, with the title, *The Red Robe*, was played both in London (at the Garrick Theatre) and in New York. Brieux's last play, *La Foi*, has been given in English by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree at His

Majesty's Theatre in London, as *False Gods*. It has not yet been published in book form.

These are the dry details of facts in the career of this man whose fame has but just crossed the boundaries of his native land. In introducing Brioux to English readers, Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the preface to a translation of *Maternité, Les Trois Filles de Monsieur Dupont*, and *Les Avariés*, for which his wife is sponsor and part translator, says of him: "In that great comedy which Balzac called 'the comedy of humanity,' to be played for the amusement of the gods rather than for that of the French public, there is no summit in the barren plain that stretches from Mount Molière to our own times until we reach Brioux." High praise, indeed, but surely exaggerated! Brioux did not write his plays for the amusement of the gods; he wrote them for the enlightenment of men. If the gods enjoy seeing how human beings suffer, then, certainly, they will find much to amuse them in these plays. But Brioux did not intend to amuse them. Rather, I think, if he had them in mind at all, he wished to curse them through the mouths of their creatures who in life are dumbly suffering because of their bungling and who find accusing utterance in these dramas. Nor do I think it proper to connect the name of Molière with Brioux in any suggestion of comparison between the two. Molière's genius is like the revealing magic of sunlight, discovering ground for joy and the onward impulse and the enthusiasm to achieve in the midst of folly, chicanery and humbuggery. The genius of Brioux may be likened to those lurid fires that light up at night a black country of toiling multitudes of crawling earth-bent figures.

Yet I can understand Mr. Shaw's sympathy for the genius of Brioux. He finds in Brioux a kindred spirit—the spirit of the social reformer, of the man self-endowed with a mission to open the eyes of the blind and to rouse to consciousness the complacent and the self-satisfied, of the satirizer of degrading conventions, and of the iconoclast of effete ideals. This is the spirit that employs literature, not to produce the emotions of enthusiasm and joy, but to arouse the feelings of indignation and revolt. Brioux, like Shaw, is more concerned with saving souls than with imparting grace.

The art of a great dramatist, say the critics, is evinced in his power of selection, and these argue against Brieux that it is because he selects and pieces together the exceptional and the abnormal, asking us to accept them as the rule, that his art is bad. Mr. Shaw, on the contrary, claims for Brieux a place among the great dramatists of the world, by the side of Euripides, Aristophanes, Shakespeare and Ibsen, because he so arranges "the slices of life" he selects that we, viewing the arrangement as dramas, are changed "from bewildered spectators of senseless confusion to men intelligently conscious of the world and its destinies." But what does Brieux himself say of his art?

"I know quite well," he wrote in 1901, "what the public likes to see on the stage. It likes to see the spectacle of a will manifesting itself. Without asking for it in so many words it would like the dramatic author to be a professor of energy. In my view the part of the dramatic author is to be a kind of intermediary between the thoughts of great thinkers inaccessible to the masses, and the public. To the latter, he ought to offer, in an interesting form, ideas that are very beautiful and very generous. Yes, that is the part we must play—to seduce the public by placing within its reach the beautiful dreams of philosophers and wise men. . . .

"As time goes on the theatre will be obliged, more and more, to devote itself to the great current problems. The theatre of the comedy of character is almost closed to us since a man named Molière went through it. But of the comedy of manners? It is in all our plays without animating them with the breath of life. Let us put into them some one thought, and let us take this thought from the life around us, from the sufferings of our fellow beings. Goethe said: 'Fill your mind and heart, however wide they may be, with the thoughts and emotions of your age—the work will then come of itself.'"

No words can be plainer in meaning than these. They are the language of a man profoundly moved by conditions which, to him, are not making for righteousness; which prevent right thinking and right living. The world, to Brieux, is not a playground, but a battlefield with its problems of how to win the fight. He is a dramatist not because he is impassioned by a

transporting vision of life, but because he is consumed with a desire to compel us to live in harmony with the discoveries of science and the teachings of philosophers. The stage for him is a platform on which to discuss solutions to the problems which life is continually setting us to solve. This is a man after Paul's heart, not Christ's. He has no revelations, but he has, in plenty, interpretations. He places within our reach the beautiful logical dreams of philosophers and wise men because these seem to point a way to happiness out of the afflictions which at present beset us. In the dramas, however, it is not the dreams but the problems that are presented. And these are so arranged that the dream solutions come as the resultant suggestions aroused in us by the impressive arrangement. So masterly, indeed, is the craft with which these problems are laid bare that, once seen, the problems are unforgettable; and so impressive are the arrangements that we dare not deny their terrible implications. Brieux has, indeed, written out of a mind and heart filled with the thoughts and emotions of his age.

In *Blanchette* he deals with the problem of what to do with our daughters; the play is a protest against society which, while it safeguards the education of its young women, concerns itself not a whit with their future. They are left to do the best they can, and the best many of them are permitted to do is to become prostitutes. Brieux does not deny the value of education; what he tries to show is the absurdity of institutions which go so far and no further.

In *L'Engrenage* he lays bare the problem of political corruption. Both in this play and in *Monsieur de Réboval* he attacks universal suffrage, with its attendant traffic in consciences and that bourgeois pharisaism which, in spite of its pretension, is so opposed to uprightness and honesty and civic virtue.

The problem of poverty is faced in *Les Bienfaiteurs*, and in order to state the problem in its most direct form he shows the futility and hypocrisy of charitable institutions.

The middle-class mediocrity of ideals with its vulgar pretensions at respectability, and its still more vulgar worship of money and fawning homage to wealth, comes in for biting sarcasm in *Les Trois Filles de Monsieur Dupont*. He shows here how

children are sacrificed by parents to conventions and how the finest instincts of a woman's nature are deadened by a voluptuary of a husband who has it in his power, under the present conditions of married life, to deny her self-fulfilment as a mother.

In *Maternité* Brieux takes that slice of life which deals with motherhood. That affects him profoundly, because it presents the problem of terrible injustice done to the mother. The injustice is so terrible that it is inhuman. The question for Brieux is how shall he state that problem so that the injustice that cries aloud for a remedy shall be so impressed on our minds that we shall be compelled to reflect and recover ourselves. It is not for him a question of picking out slices of life and rearranging them so that we shall become intelligently conscious of the world and its destinies; it is a question of particular problems—the problem of the happiness of women who bear children out of wedlock, and the problem of doing away with the sufferings entailed on men and women who have children in wedlock. So that there shall be no doubt in our minds about the injustice and the sufferings Brieux lodges his heroine in the house of an official who is an enthusiast on the subject of the prevention of race suicide; and this same official, tainted as he is with alcoholism, compels his wife to bear him children who are born with the same taint. These principal characters are surrounded by fathers of the peasant class who are starving because of the many children they have to support, and by mothers who are suffering from the burdens of motherhood. The entire action and the whole atmosphere of the play are concentrated on one thought, namely, the misery of motherhood under the present conditions of life. And in the last act of the play he sears this misery into the mind of the audience by means of a court scene in which the mother of the illegitimate child is being tried for the murder of her baby and in which a number of other people, including a professional abortionist, are made to lay bare their sufferings and their feeble private efforts to solve the problems for themselves. The effect of it all is to shock us to such a pitch of indignation that we leave the theatre convinced that all is not right in the world, and that we have not played our proper part in it.

In the plays to which I have already referred Brieux states

the problems of injustice and poverty; in *Damaged Goods* he faces that of disease. And the disease he chooses is the disease for the ravages of which mankind is itself responsible, and of which society is so ashamed that a discussion of it is taboo. *Damaged Goods* has been called a dramatized sermon or tract. It has been scored on the ground that it is bad art as a play and that it is unfit for presentation to the public on the stage. The opening scene introduces a young man about to be married consulting a physician about a disease from which he is suffering. George Dupont or George Smith, for he is typical of the average man, is not a profligate; but in a chance night "about town" he contracted syphilis. He asks the doctor what he is to do. The doctor warns him not to marry for some years to come; he can be cured, but it will take at least four years to effect the cure. He is advised to break off his engagement until he is again well. Dupont cannot believe what the doctor tells him; his engagement has gone too far for him to break it off without any excuse, and he dare not give the true reason. He begs for some royal cure that will heal him quickly. The doctor tells him there is no royal cure; that the disease from which he is suffering is so terrible in its ravages that a man is a criminal who will subject his bride and the children that may be born to him to its infection. "Syphilis," says the doctor, "is a child-murderer. . . Every year produces a fresh massacre of the innocents," by just such young men as this George Dupont. "You will find children," he tells Dupont, "with every kind of affliction: hump-backed, deformed, club-footed, hare-lipped, rickety, with heads too big and bodies too small, with congenital hip-disease," the large proportion of which are the victims of parents afflicted with the disease from which he is suffering. Dupont is overwhelmed by the arguments, and frightened by the terrible prospects. He promises to wait. But he does not wait. The second act shows us his household—his wife, his mother, his child—and, at the same time, shows us with stunning effect the fulfilment of the doctor's words. The situation is painfully distressing; and it is accentuated by the introduction of the child's nurse, who is also in danger of contracting the disease. Finally, when the doctor is again called in and the wife is made aware of her child's true condition, the

scene becomes tragic. The last act brings in the young wife's father, who is come to consult the physician, because his daughter will no longer live with her husband. Brieux sets the scene in the doctor's room at the hospital, so that when the father, who is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, becomes indignantly disgusted at his son-in-law, the doctor can face him with other victims of the disease. And the father himself is, in the end, compelled to confess silently that he is not the one to be the first to draw attention to the mote in his son-in-law's eyes.

Is this a fit subject for stage presentation? No, the critics loudly answer, it is not. It is taboo, even in ordinary conversation, and on the stage it would be shocking. Yes, says Mr. Shaw, it is a fit subject if murder, destruction, pestilence, famine, demoralization, cruelty, robbery and jobbery are fit subjects. If we may exhibit seduction on the stage, why may we not even mention illegitimate conception? "We may, and do, parade prostitution to the point of intoxicating every young person in the theatre; yet no young person may hear a word as to the diseases that follow prostitution and avenge the prostitute to the third and fourth generation of them that buy her." There is no other answer to Mr. Shaw's contention except the one which society itself may make. It is for society to say that it will patronize the theatres if such plays are presented, and if it will, then is there nothing more to be said. But how shall society decide if it have not the opportunity to judge? Would it not be better to give it that opportunity first before dismissing the matter? When the now extinct French censorship condemned *Damaged Goods*, Brieux was invited by a Swiss clergyman to read the play from his pulpit. Brieux gave the reading. What the congregation thought of the play has not transpired; but that a minister of the Church of Christ should deem it worthy of this most unusual consideration must surely make us pause. Mr. Brieux's ethical purpose, say the critics, runs away with him. Very well, let it take its chance with its audiences. One of the most successful plays ever staged is *L'Assommoir*, and surely there is enough and to spare of ethical purpose in that. If it be bad art as a play it means that the public evidently prefers bad art to good art. Brieux will, I make no doubt, rest content as to his art if

his play bring the problem it presents so home to the people that they will mend their ways. He will bear the cross of that criticism with equanimity so long as the road he is travelling take him to the Temple.

So much for the propriety of such a play as *Damaged Goods*. As to the question of its art, that is another matter. After seeing such a tragi-comedy we do not wisely to discuss its merits on this ground. There is here but one question for us to ask: "Is this true?" And to that question there can be but one answer, even though it be dragged out of us by artifices rather than spontaneously evoked by the stress of creative emotion. Nor can we truly say that the play of circumstances here coördinated is either exceptional or abnormal. We know it to be so common that five out of every ten of us bow our heads before it in a shamed confusion of self-confession. What matter if the last act be but an appendix of illustrative cases to a physician's rhetorical argument? It is scarcely felt as such, so burning is the sensation experienced by the awakened conscience. We, the audience, are made part players in this drama. The matter is not finished for us with the fall of the curtain on the last act, for our parts come in when we have left the theatre and are going home to live and to work. As Mr. Shaw well puts it: "You do not go away from a Brieux play with the feeling that the affair is finished or the problem solved for you by the dramatist. . . You come away with a very disquieting sense that you are involved in the affair and must find the way out of it for yourself and everybody else if civilization is to be tolerable to your sense of honor." And to achieve this is also an art.

There are two ways to get to Heaven—the weary way of the pilgrim's progress, and the saint's way by the chariot of fire. These are better known as the winding way of experience, and the direct way of art. Why should we despise the high road because we have no fiery chariots? We are pilgrims on life's way, not saints. And do we always take the fiery way even when a saint or a poet paves it for us? Is the magic of art so potent that it never fails to set us free? If it is, why are we still straining at our bonds? The truth is we must know how to walk before we dare essay a flight, and Brieux teaches us how to walk. Brieux

takes us to his heaven by the common highway. Make this earth a fitter place to live in, he says to us in effect, and it may be we who live in it shall make a heaven of it. A dream, to Brioux, is beautiful only if it is realizable; wisdom is valuable if its maxims are livable. This world is a battlefield and evolution is possible only through struggle. Let us face the fight bravely. But we cannot realize dreams, we cannot live wisely, we cannot fight bravely if we are handicapped at the outset by injustice, poverty and disease. And so Brioux sets himself the task of convincing us of the necessity to do away with these obstacles if we are ever to be happy.

Brioux did not write his plays, and certainly he did not write *Damaged Goods*, to make money by them. Such plays are not "money-makers." Had his object been a mercenary one his work proves him to possess a talent which, did he prostitute it, would enrich him greatly. Brioux chose his own way because he was moved by far other motives. It is the way other men have taken who sacrificed their personal welfare that they might be true to themselves, and who, later, were acknowledged worthy. The mere fact that a man like Brioux has the courage to write as he does should call for our admiration. That his writings have earned him the distinguished honor of election to the French Academy not only justifies him, but redeems us. His message to humanity is summed up in the command: Love ye one another. "I know well," he said to a friend, "that this morality was preached two thousand years ago. Its truth is eternal; but it has not been rightly understood. It is on earth that we must realize this happiness; and we will gain it not only by working and striving, but above all by the sacrifices we make for others." The words sound like a new dispensation falling from the lips of this twentieth century playwright and Frenchman. He repeats them with a new note, in a voice solemn and arresting.

Brioux, like his message, is not new; he is old, old as Socrates was when he drank the cup of hemlock; old as Plato was when he wrote the *Apology* and the *Republic*. But his soul is young, and his enthusiasm for humanity is volcanic, springing from the molten lava of earth's sufferings and sorrows in which his own sympathetic heart is steeped. It is to misunderstand him

entirely to judge his work by the canons of art criticism; for his art is itself a criticism, a criticism of life. He may not present the romance and the beauty that are so inspiring, but it is just because he believes in romance and beauty that he is impassioned against the forces that deny us the joy of self-fulfilment. His plays are pleas for life, and yet fuller life, so that we may know what it is to love and live truly. Brioux is as great a lover as was Dante, and far less a hater; and he urges us to liberate ourselves from poverty and injustice and suffering in order that our bodies as well as our souls may be sanctified. Even in the world of art there is a place for Brioux; for his forms are new. If there is room for Isaiah and Ezekiel among the poets, there is standing-ground for Brioux among the prophets. And if we, in this latter day, are moved by him to turn our faces again to the living God, shall we deny him the honor of our homage?

If we are to criticise Brioux let us criticise him for his over-insistence on the value of science and philosophy; for here we touch the great nerve of his organic expression. Brioux is convinced that happiness will come to us if we live reasonably and if we guide our lives by the teachings of men like Herbert Spencer and Darwin. If our institutions were saner, if our laws were wiser, if our bodies were healthier, then, he says in effect, our lives would be happier. Is Brioux right in this contention? I do not think he is. I do not think that, in the deepest sense, happiness depends on either knowledge or philosophy or on any method of living, be that method fulfilled of the greatest discoveries of our profoundest thinkers and doctors of science. Have we not always, ever since summer first was leafy, striven to live by the knowledge we had? Are we not trying to do this now? We have made "progress," of course; but is there less of misery and more of happiness now that we live in an enlightened age than there was in the Dark Ages? Is it not true that the more complex our civilization becomes the more difficult it is to simplify the problem of mere happiness? It would seem as if knowledge bred in us only fresh cravings, new appetites that insist on satisfaction. The working-man of to-day is richer and more comfortable than was the working-man at any previous time in the history of the world; is he happier to-day? Such a voluptu-

ary of a husband as in *Maternité* was well known centuries ago and, in spite of all the teachings of learned men, he is still with us. Rich men grew richer by knavery and rascality in the Middle Ages—they follow the same methods in the present age, and succeed as well. Fathers and mothers buy the wisdom of academics, even of wise men and philosophers, that their children may be educated, and the children are little better than their parents. The common passions continue to sway us and will not be subject to the reason. It is not new knowledge but higher passions that we want. It is not great thinkers we need, but great poets and artists who shall re-impassion us by beauty that we may be moved to express ourselves and in the expression realize the joy of living. For our world is but the reflex of our desires, and we make it out of the stuff that is within us; so that to realize beauty in the world is no other than to realize ourselves.

“Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o’er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple’s self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine or gloom o’ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.”

Keats knew this better than Herbert Spencer. By all means, let us give ear to doctors and scientists; we cannot well do without them in the procession of human evolution. But they must follow us and not lead us. The intellect is but a part of the soul which the soul uses for its own unifying purposes. So long as we follow the intellectual rather than the spiritual life so long shall

we continue to have "problems." For almost a millennium we have imprisoned our souls—the "candles of the Lord" by which we see beauty—and lived by the light of reason, and there is still need for a Brioux as there was for a Paul and a Savonarola to point out to us the ugliness of the world. The intellect has been proven incompetent to find the beauty; let us call on the soul, if our neglect of it has not atrophied its creative powers, and if we can still find the magical word which shall liberate it—the magical word that will

"a casement ope at night
To let the warm Love in!"

That is why, when a great-hearted man like Brioux comes, we regret that he has not the gift of the word to awaken and set free the imprisoned divinity within us. Yet if he has failed in this, he has not failed in his life. The splendid courage of the man who dared to write these plays, and the beautiful spirit of the man which they evince, move us even more than words. In these has Brioux acquitted himself greatly, and for these will he be accounted worthy, indeed.

THE MASK

F. TENNYSON JESSE

WHEN Vashti Bath was "led out" by the two most eligible young men in the village, the other women spoke their minds pretty freely on the subject; and when she progressed to that further stage known as "arm-a-crook," and still refrained from making the fateful choice, comment waxed bitter. The privilege of proposal belongs in Cornwall to that sex commonly called "the weaker"—a girl goes through the various stages of courtship conducted out of doors, and, if she decides to marry the young man, asks him to "step in" one evening when he has seen her home, after which the engagement is announced. Vashti, in the most brazen way, was sampling two suitors at a time, and those two the most coveted men in Perran-an-zenna, and therein lay the sting for the women-folk.

"What is there tu her, I should like to know?" the Wesleyan minister's wife demanded of her friends at a somewhat informal prayer meeting. "She'm a blowsy, ontidy kind o' maid who don't know one end of needle from t'other. When her stockin' heels go into holes she just pulls them further under her foot, till sometimes she du have to garter half-way down her leg!"

"She'm blowsy, sure 'nough," agreed a widow woman of years and experience, "but she'm a rare piece o' red and white, and menfolk are feeble vessels. If a maid's a fine armful they never think on whether she won't be a fine handful. And Vashti du have a way wi' her."

That was the whole secret—Vashti had a way with her. She was a splendid slattern—showing the ancient Phœnician strain in her coarse, abundant black hair, level brows, and narrow, green-blue eyes, with a trace of Jew in the hawk-like line of nose and the prominent chin curved a little upwards from her throat. A few years, and she would be lean and haggard, but now she was a fine, buoyant creature, swift and tumultuous, with a mouth like a flower. For all the slovenliness of her

clothes she had a trick of putting them on which an English woman never has as a birthright, and rarely achieves. Vashti could tie a ribbon so that every man she passed turned to look after her.

Perran-an-zenna is a mining village, and some of the men-folk work in the tin mines close at hand, and some in the big silver mine four miles away. James Glasson, the elder and harsher-featured of Vashti's lovers, worked in the latter, and there was every prospect of his becoming a foreman, as he had a passion for mechanics and for chemistry, and was supposed to be experimenting with a new process that would cheapen the cost of extracting the silver. Willie Strick, the younger, handsomer, more happy-go-lucky of the two men, went to "bal" in the tin mines, and was disinclined to save, but then his aged grandmother, with whom he lived, had been busy saving for twenty years. Strick was an eager lover, quick to jealousy—Glasson was uncommunicative even to Vashti, and careless of her opinions. Though the jealousy irked her, it flattered her too; but, on the other hand, Glasson's carelessness, even while it piqued her, made her covet him all the more.

This was how matters stood one evening in late March when Vashti had gone up to the moors to fetch in the cows—not her own, no Bath had been thrifty enough for that, but belonging to the farm where she worked. As she walked along in the glowing light, the white road winking up at her through a hole in her swinging skirt, and a heavy coil of hair jerking a little lower on the nape of her neck with each vigorous stride, Vashti faced the fact that matters could continue as they were no longer. At bottom Vashti was as hard as granite, she meant to have what she wanted; her only trouble was she had not quite settled what it was she did want. Like all her race, she had a strain of fatalism in her; that prompted her to choose whichever of the two men she should next chance to meet—and the woman in her suggested that at least such a declaration on the part of fate would give her the necessary impetus toward deciding upon the other.

Lifting her eyes from the regular, pendulum-like swing of her skirt that had almost mesmerized her lulled vision, she saw, dark

against the sunset, the figure of a man. She knew it to be either James or Willie because of the peculiar square set of the shoulders and the small head—for the two men were, like most people in that intermarrying district, cousins, with a superficial trick of likeness, and an almost exact similarity of voice. A prescience of impending fate weighed on Vashti; the gaunt shaft of the disused Wheal Zenna mine, that stood up between her and the approaching man, seemed like a menacing finger. The man reached it first and stood leaning up against it, one foot on the rubble of granite that was scattered around, his arm, with the miner's bag slung over it, resting across his raised knee. Vashti half thought of going back, even without the cows, but it was already time the poor beasts were milked, and curiosity lured her on. She went across the circle of greener grass surrounding the shaft, and found Glasson awaiting her.

To every woman comes a time in life when she is ripe for the decisive man; and it is often a barren hour when he fails to appear. For Vashti the hour and the man had come together, and she knew it as she met Glasson's look. Putting out his hands, ingrained with earth in the finest seams of them, he laid them heavily on her shoulders, like a yoke. His bag swung forward and hit her on the chest, but neither of them noticed it.

"Vashti, yu'm got to make'n end," he said. "One way or t'other. Which es et to be?"

She shook under his gaze, her lids drooped, but she tried to pout out her full under-lip with a pretence of petulance. Suddenly his grip tightened.

"So 'ee won't tell me? Then by G—, I'll du the tellin'! Yu'm my woman, do 'ee hear? Mine, and neither Will Strick nor any other chap shall come between us two."

Wheeling her round, he held her against the rough side of the shaft and bent his face to hers; she felt his lips crush on her own till she could have cried out with pain if she had been able to draw breath. When he let her go her breast heaved, and she stood with lowered head, holding her hand across her mouth.

"Now we'll get the cows, my lass," said Glasson quietly, "and take'n home, and then yu shall ask me to step in."

During the short, fierce courtship that followed Vashti saw very little of Willie Strick, though she heard he talked much of emigrating, vowing he would disappear in the night and not come home until he had made a fortune. All of Vashti's nature was in abeyance save for one emotion—a stunned, yet pleasurable submission. It was not until several months after her marriage that she began to feel again the more ordinary and yet more complex sensations of every-day life. If she had to the full a primitive woman's joy in being possessed, she had also the instinctive need for possessing her man utterly, and James Glasson was only partly hers. It was borne in on her that by far the larger side of him was his own, never to be given to any woman. Ambition and an uncanny secretiveness made up the real man; he had set himself to winning his wife chiefly because the want of her distracted him from his work and fretted him.

He bent the whole of life to his purposes, without any parade of power, but with a laborious care that gradually settled on Vashti like a blight. When she realized that, no matter how rightly she wore her little bits of finery, he no longer noticed them, realized that she was merely a necessity to him as his woman—something to be there when she was wanted—she began to harden. He still had a fascination for her when he chose to exert it—his very carelessness and sureness of her were what made the fascination, but gradually it wore thinner and slacker, and a sullen resentment began to burn through her seeming submission.

The Glassons' cottage was tucked away in a hollow of the moor, only the chimney of it visible from Perran-an-zenna, and Vashti began to chafe under the isolation, and to regret she had never been at more pains to make friends among her own sex.

As summer drew to its full, Vashti watched the splendid pageant of it in the sky and moor with unappreciative eyes. If anyone had told her that her soul had been formed by the country of her birth and upbringing, she would have thought it sheer lunacy, but her parents were not more responsible for Vashti than the land itself. The hardness and bleakness of it, the inexpressible charm of it, the soft, indolent airs, scented with

flowers, or pungent with salt, above all, that reticence that makes for lonely thoughts; these things had, generation by generation, moulded her forbears, and their influence was in her blood. Even the indifference with which she saw arose from her oneness with her own country, and in this she was like all true Cornish folk before and since—they belong to Cornwall body and soul. The quality of reticence had become secretiveness in James Glasson—he took a childish pleasure in keeping any little happening from the world in general and Vashti in particular, and the consequence was that, in her, strength was hardening into relentlessness.

One market day she was returning from Penzance—a drive of some eight miles, accomplished in the cart of their nearest neighbor—with a paper parcel on her knee, which she kept on fingering under the rug as though to make sure it was still there. At the neighbor's farm she got out, thanked him, and started to walk the remaining mile over the moor, with the precious parcel laid carefully on the top of the basket of household goods. It had been one of those days when the air seems to have a liquid quality that makes it almost visible—a delicate effulgence that envelops every object far and near, blurring harsh outlines and giving an effect as though trees and plants stood up into an element too subtle for water and too insistent for ether. The cloud shadows gave a plum-like bloom to the miles of inter-folding hills, and inset among the gray-green of the moor the patches of young bracken showed vivid as slabs of emerald. Lightly as balls of thistledown the larks hopped swiftly over the heather on their thin legs, the self-heal and birds'-foot trefoil made a carpet of purple and yellow; from the heavy-scented gorse came the staccato notes of the crickets, while in a distant copse a cuckoo called faintly on her changed June note. As Vashti rounded the corner of the rutted track and the cottage came into view, she paused. The deeply sloping slate roof was iridescent as a pigeon's breast, and the whitewashed walls were burnished with gold by the late sunlight, while against the faded peacock blue of the fence the evening primroses seemed luminous. Even to Vashti it all looked different, transmuted. Her fingers pressed the shiny paper of the parcel till it crackled and a smile

tugged at her lips. After all, it was not bad to be young and handsome on an evening in June, to be returning to a home of her own, with under her arm a parcel that, to her, was an event. Vashti had bought that thing dear to the heart of the countrywoman, a length of rich black dress silk; she meant to make it up herself, and, though her stitches were clumsy, she knew she could cut and drape a gown better than many a conscientious sempstress. And then—then she would take her place as wife to the most discussed man in all that part of Penwith and hold up her head at Meeting. Even James himself could not but treat her differently when she had black silk on her back.

She went through to the outhouse, which James used as a workshop, and tried the door. It was locked. "James!" she cried, rattling the latch, "James!"

She heard him swear swiftly, then came the sound of something hastily put down and a cupboard door being shut. Then Glasson opened the door a few inches, and stood looking down at her.

"Get into kitchen," he said briefly; "can't 'ee see I'm busy?"

Already Vashti's pleasure in her purchase was beginning to fade, but she stood her ground, though wrathfully.

"Yu needn' think yu'm the only person with secrets," she flashed: "I'd a fine thing to show 'ee here, if yu'd a mind to see it—now I shall keep'n to myself."

"Woman's gear!" gibed Glasson, "you've been buying fulishness over to market. Get the supper or I shan't have time for a bite before I go to see t' foreman."

"That's all yu think on," she retorted; "yu and your own business."

"That's all yu should think on, either," he said, pulling her toward him with a hand on the back of her neck, and kissing her on her unresponsive mouth. She stood sullenly; then, when he dropped his hand, went into the house. She heard him turn the key in the lock as she went. That night she cried hot tears of anger on to the new dress length, and next day she went across the moor and met Willie Strick on his way home to Per-ran-an-zenna.

That was the first of many meetings, for Willie's resentment faded away before the old charm of Vashti's presence. In spite of his handsome face, he was oddly like James. The backs of their heads were similar enough to give Vashti a little shock whenever she passed behind her husband as she sat at table, or each time that Willie lay beside her on the moor, his head on her lap. She would pull the curly rings of his hair out over her fingers, and, even while she admired the glint of it, some little memory of a time when James' hair had glinted in the sun or candlelight pricked at her—not with any feeling for him except resentment, but at first it rather spoiled her lover for her. They had to meet by stealth, but that was easy enough, as James was now on an afternoon core, and Willie on a morning one. To do the latter justice, he had tried, at the beginning, a feeble resistance to the allure that Vashti had for him, not from any scruple of conscience, but because his pleasure-loving nature shrank from anything that might lead to unpleasantness. And, careless as he seemed of his wife, James Glasson would be an ugly man to deal with if he discovered the truth. So far there had been nothing except the love-making of a limited though expressive vocabulary, and Vashti curbed him and herself for three whole weeks. She was set on possessing Willie's very soul—here, at least, was a man whom she could so work upon that he would always be hers even to the most reluctant outpost of his being. By the end of those weeks, her elusiveness, the hint of passion in her, and the steady force of her will had enslaved Strick hopelessly: he was maddened, reckless, and timid all at once.

"Vashti, it's got to end," he said, desperately, as he walked with her one evening as near to the cottage as he dared, and as he spoke he slid an arm round her waist. To his surprise, she yielded and swayed toward him so that her shoulder touched his; in the sunset light her upturned face glimmered warm and bewilderingly full of color.

"Wait a bit, lad," she breathed. "James goes up to London church town to-morrow to see one of the managers—happen he'll be gone a week or more. . . ."

He felt her soft mouth on his cheek for a moment and his arms went round her—the next moment came a crash that

seemed to split the sky, and from the outhouse leapt a whistling column of flame.

Stricken with superstitious terror, Willie screamed—loudly and thinly, like a woman. Vashti recoiled, flung up her hands, then rushed toward the burning outhouse.

“James is in there!” she cried. “Oh, get ’en out, get ’en out!”

The flame had been caused by an exploded lamp, but there was not much inflammatory stuff for it to feed on, and a thick smoke, reeking of chemicals, hung above the outhouse. As Vashti, followed by the shaking Strick, reached the door, it swung open and a Thing stood swaying a moment on the step.

It seemed to the lovers’ first horrified glimpse that all of Glasson’s face had been blown away. The whole of one side of it was covered by an enormous blister, a nightmare thing, which, as the woman gazed at it, burst and fell into blackness. The same moment Glasson dropped his length across the threshold.

“The doctor, go for the doctor,” whispered Vashti with dry lips, “as quick as you can—I—I dursn’t turn ’en over.”

So Glasson lay with what had been his face against a patch of grass, while Willie ran, horror-ridden, to Perran-an-zenna, for the doctor.

Dry-eyed, Vashti watched by her husband for three nights, and all praised her for wifely devotion. She sat by the gleam of a flickering night-light, her eyes on the bandaged face—the linen was only slit just as much as was necessary for breathing.

“Well, Mrs. Glasson,” said the doctor cheerily, as he finished his inspection on the third night, “I can give you good news. Your husband will live, and will keep the sight of one eye. But—though of course wonders can be done with modern surgery—we can’t build up what’s gone. He’ll always have to wear a mask, Mrs. Glasson.”

When he had gone Vashti went and stood by the bed, looking down on the unconscious man, who lay breathing heavily—how easy it would be to lay a hand over that slit in the linen—a few minutes, and this nightmare would be over. She half

put out her hand, then drew it back. She was not yet capable of cold-blooded crime.

Lighting a candle, she took from a drawer a paper parcel, which she unfolded on the little table. As the still untouched folds of the black dress length, with a few little hard-edged blots on it that meant tears, came into view, Vashti's self-control broke down. She wept stormily, her head along her arms. Release had flaunted so near to her, and was withdrawn, and her horror of the Thing on the bed was mingled with a pity for it that ate into her mind. She dried her burning eyes and, picking up the scissors, began to cut a mask out of the tear-stained breadths; her invincible habit of considering herself forbade her, even at that moment, to use the good yards for such a purpose.

The candle-flame was showing wan in the gray of the dawning when Vashti put the last stitches to the mask—she had made it very deep, so that it would hang to just below the jawbone, and she had laboriously buttonhole-stitched round the one eye-hole, and sewn tape-strings firmly to the sides, top and bottom. The mask was finished.

James Glasson's figure, a trifle stooped and groping, with that sinister black curtain from cap to collar, soon ceased to be an object of fearful curiosity in Perran-an-zenna; even the children became so used to it that they left off calling out as he passed. He grew more silent and morose than ever, and his secretiveness showed itself in all sorts of ingenious petty ways.

Vashti had the imaginative streak of her race, and life in the lonely cottage with this masked personality took on the quality of nightmare. She felt his one eye watching her continually, and was tormented by the thought, "How much does he know?" Who could tell? Had he seen anything from the outhouse window when she had rashly let Willie come so near, or did he know who it was who had fetched the doctor? Sometimes a meaning word seemed to show that he knew everything, sometimes she argued that he could only guess. The black mask filled the whole of her life, the thought of it was never out of her mind, not even when she was working on her old farm, for she had to be breadwinner now. She found herself dwelling on what lay behind the mask, wondering whether it could be as bad

as that black expanse, and once she woke herself at night, screaming: "Tear 'en down, Willie! Tear the black mask down!" and then lay trembling, wondering whether her husband had heard. For days he said nothing and she felt herself safe; then one night he turned to her. "There's no air," he complained. "Can't 'ee take down t' curtains? If 'ee can't do anything else, why—tear 'en down, tear 'en down!"

He had mimicked her very voice, and, silent with fear, she took down the curtain, her fingers shaking so that the rings jingled together along the rod. One day, when he was working in the garden, he turned to face the wind. She saw him sideways against the sky, and the black mask, held taut at brow and chin by the strings, was being blown inward. She never forgot the horror of that concave line against the sky.

She came to regard the mask with superstitious awe; it seemed James Glasson's character materialized—the outward expression of the inner man. Nervous and cowed to abjectness as she was, she felt near the end of her endurance. The perpetual scheming to meet Willie unknown to her husband—a difficulty now the latter was nearly always about the house-place—and the wearing uncertainty of "How much does he know?" were fraying her nerves. Some two months after the accident the crash came.

James had gone to Truro to see a surgeon there, and had announced his intention of spending the night with cousins. The utter bliss of being alone, and having the cottage free from the masked presence for even one day, acted like a balm on Vashti. She forbade Willie to come near her till the evening, partly from motives of prudence, but chiefly because she craved for solitude. By the afternoon she was more her old, sufficient, well-poised self, and when evening drew on she busied herself about her little preparations in the kitchen with a color burning in her cheeks and a softened light in her eyes. That evening Vashti Glasson was touched with a grace of womanliness she had never worn for her husband. Every harmless and tender instinct of the lover was at work in her, making her choose her nicest tablecloth, arrange a cluster of chrysanthemums in an ornate glass vase, put a long-discarded ribbon of gaudy pink in her hair.

Then she took off her working frock of dirty, ill-mended serge, and shook out in triumph the folds of the black silk, now made up in all its glory, and hideous with cheap jet. It converted her from a goddess of the plough to a red-wristed, clumsy girl of the people; and when her hair was dressed in the fashionable lumps, with a fringe-net hardening the outlines, she looked like a shop-girl, but she herself admired the effect intensely.

When three taps at the window told that Strick was outside, the color flew to her face, making her so beautiful that she triumphed even over her costume; she had become a high priestess of Love, and was not to be cheated of any of the ritual. She was decked out as for a bridal; no more rough-and-ready wooing and winning for her. But Strick's passion was somewhat daunted by all the preparations for his welcome; the kitchen looked unusual, and so did she, and he hung back for a moment on the threshold.

"What's come to 'ee?" he asked, foolishly agape.

"'T'es a weddin' gown made for yu," said Vashti simply.

"But 'tes black!" he stammered. "'T'es ill luck on a black bridal, Vassie."

"Ours is no white bridal, lad," she told him. "Come in and set down—yes, take that chair," and she pushed Glasson's accustomed seat forward for her lover.

Conversation languished during the meal—Willie Strick was bewildered by the oddness of everything, Vashti included—and his was no level head to plan any details or set a scene—Vashti won by stealth, anywhere and anyhow, was all he had thought of or wished for. Hers was the master-mind and he was helpless before it, and while she inflamed him she frightened him too.

A full moon swam up over the line of distant sea that showed in a dip of the moorland, and the lamp began to smell and burn low. They had finished supper, and Willie was drinking rather freely of the whisky she had set before him. Vashti turned out the lamp, and as she did so a sudden harsh noise sent the heart to her throat, while Willie sprang up fearfully. It was only the poker, that, caught by the full skirt of the black silk frock, had been sent clattering to the ground, but it made them stare at each other in a stricken panic for a speechless minute. The white

light of the moon shone clearly into the room, throwing a black pattern of window-shadow over the disordered supper table, where the chrysanthemums, overturned by Willie's movement, lay across an empty dish, and in the silence the two startled people could hear the rhythmic sound of the water as it drip-drip-dripped on to the floor.

Vashti was the first to recover herself. "Us be plum fulish, Willie!" she said, with an attempt at a laugh. "Do believe us both thought it was James, and him safe in Truro."

"If 'tes," said Strick madly, "he shan't take 'ee from me now. I'll have 'ee, I swear it."

Vashti did not answer,—with fascinated eyes she was watching the door slowly open—she could see the strip of moonlit brightness, barred by the darkness of an arm, grow wider and wider. She knew, before the form, so terribly like Willie's, now its masked face was against the light, appeared, that it was her husband.

Quite what happened next she could not have told. The little room seemed full and dark with fear—blind, unreasoning fear, that beat even about her head. The long-drawn-out crash of the overturned table added to her confusion—then quite suddenly the sounds of struggling ceased and one man rose to his feet. In the dimness of the room, seeing only the shape of him, she could not tell whether it were James or Willie, until he turned his face to the moonlight, and she saw, with a throb of relief, Strick's face.

"Get a light, Vassie," he whispered. "I fear he's dead."

She lit a candle and they knelt down by Glasson. In falling his head had hit the fender, and blood was trickling on to the floor. She ripped open his shirt and felt for his heart as well as her trembling fingers would allow. She lifted his arm and let it fall—it dropped a dead weight on to the tiled floor. It seemed to her excited fancy that already he was turning cold.

"Willie, you've killed 'en!" she whispered. They both spoke low, as though they thought the dead man could overhear.

"I didn't hit 'en," babbled Willie. "He stumbled and fell and hit his head—they'll make me swing for this—what shall us du, what shall us du?"

"Wait—I must think," commanded the woman. She pressed her hands to her forehead, and sat very still.

"Have 'ee thought?" whispered Willie, anxiously.

"Yes—I've thought. Willie, yu'm rare and like—he—and that'll save us."

"What do 'ee mean?" asked Willie, thinking the shock had turned her brain.

"The mask!" replied Vashti, "the mask!"

Then, kneeling by the still body, they talked in whispers—she unfolding her plan—he recoiling from it, weakly protesting, and then giving way.

They were to take the dead man between them to the dis-used mine shaft and throw him down, then Willie was to wear the black mask, and take Glasson's place, until they could sail for America together. Like all simple plans, it had a touch of genius. Willie's constant talk of emigrating, his oft-heard boasts of slipping away in the night and not coming back till he had made a fortune, would all help to cover up his disappearance. And who was to connect it with Vashti and her silent, eccentric, black-masked husband—who would speak to him or her on the subject? And if they did—she could always invent a plausible answer, while he was safeguarded by the fact that the strongest point of likeness between the two men was their voices. The only dissimilar thing about them had been their faces.

"I won't wear his mask," said Willie, shuddering; "I couldn't put 'en against me. You must make me another."

"I'll make 'en now," said Vashti. She rose to her feet and, setting the candle on the seat of a chair, looked about her.

"You must put the room to rights," she commanded. "Make 'en look as though James and I had just had our bit o' supper. Mop up the water and sweep all the broken cloam together—and—and take him to the passage-way."

"Yu'm not going to lave me alone wi' he?" cried Willie, aghast.

"Edn room for me to work here. I'll be up overstairs making the mask. Keep t' curtains over the window."

Upstairs, she seized scissors and hacked a square out of the front of her gown. Then she sat and sewed as she had sewed

once before, when her husband had lain motionless on the bed. Every now and then came small sounds of things being moved from down below, then a heavy fall and the sound of something being dragged.

"How's et goin', Willie?" she called out.

"'T'es all right," he called back. "I've put 'en in passage."

The moon was near setting when the mask was finished, and she went to the top of the stairs with it in her hand.

"There 't'es," she whispered. "I'll drop it down. Put it in your pocket and I'll change my gown. 'T'es time we were stirrin'."

The mask fluttered down in the darkness, and she went back to her room and changed swiftly into the old serge.

It was a ghastly journey to the old mine shaft, the heavy form of the dead man sagging between them. They dared have no light, and went stumbling over tussocks and ruts; but, as both would have known the way blindfold, they found the shaft without difficulty. They scrambled up the sloping rubble of stones and tipped the body over the jagged hole in the side of the shaft, and after what seemed an interminable silence there came a thud from several hundred feet below them, then another, as though the body had rebounded, then all was stillness.

Vashti leant up against the side of the shaft, as she had leant when James kissed her there, and shut her eyes; the sweat running down her brow had matted her lashes together into thick points, and the drops tickled her neck so that she put up her hand to it. Both she and the man were drawing the deep, hoarse breaths of exhaustion, and for a few minutes they rested in silence—then he spoke. "Yu must be comin' back along o' me now," he told her, "the dawn'll be showin' soon."

"Yes, yes," cried Vashti, starting up, "us may meet some-one going to bal, sure 'nough."

"'T'es all right—I've got t' mask on. Come."

He closed his fingers over her arm so harshly that she winced, and together they made their way back in the cold, bleak hush that preceded the autumnal dawn. Gradually, as they went, some glimmerings of what her life would be henceforth appeared to the woman. The fear of neighbors, the efforts to ap-

pear natural, the memory of that slowly-opening door, and the still thing by the fender, the consciousness of what lay at the bottom of the disused shaft; and, above all, the terrible reminder of her husband in the masked Willie—it would be like living with a ghost. . . .

Once back at the cottage, he drew her within and barred the door behind them. She moved away to find a light, but he caught her.

"Won't 'ee give me so much as a kiss, and me with red hands because of yu?" he asked.

She felt the mask brush her cheek, and broke away with a cry. She heard him laugh as she lit a candle, and turned toward him.

"A black bridall!" he cried wildly; "did I tell 'ee 'twas a black bridal? 'Tes a red one, do 'ee hear?"

"Willie," she begged him, "take off t'mask now we'm alone."

"Aren't 'ee afeared?" he asked.

"'Tes safe enough till mornin', and I du hate that mask more'n the devil. Take 'en off."

"I'll take 'en off—to please yu, lass."

He seized the mask violently by the hem and ripped it away—and she saw it was her husband.

"Yu fule!" he said slowly, following her as she backed away from him, her mouth slack with fear, her eyes glazed, her whole being showing her as almost bereft of her senses. "Yu fule to think to fule me! Yu was quick enough to say I was dead; I'm not so easy killed, Vassie. No so easy killed as your lover was—just the carven'-knife between his shoulders when he was stoopin' down, that's all. He was fearful of lookin' at the dead man; he never knew the dead man was lookin' at he. Yu heard him fall, Vassie, and thought it was him movin' me——"

"Put t'mask on," wailed Vashti, pressing her fingers against her eyes; "put t'mask on again, for the love o' God!"

"There's been enough o' masks," he retorted grimly. "You've got to bear to see me now; me, not your lover that you've helped to tip over Wheal Zenna shaft. Eh, yu fule, did

'ee think I didn't know? I've knowed all these months; I've seen 'ee meet 'en; I told 'ee I was going to stop the night over to Truro so as to catch 'ee together; I let 'ee think I was dead, and listened t' the plan yu thought to make. Only half a man am I, wi' no mouth left to kiss with? I've an eye left to see with, and an ear to hear with, and a hand to strike with, and a tongue to teach 'ee with."

"I'll tell on 'ee," said Vashti, "I'll tell the police on 'ee. Murderer, that's what yu are."

"I doan't think 'ee will, my dear. 'Tedn a tale as'll do yu any good—a woman who cheats her husband, and tries to kill 'en, and helps to carry a body two miles over moor and tip 'en down shaft. And what have 'ee to complain on, I should like to know? When I wear t'mask yu can pretend I'm Willie—handsome Willie. Willie who can kiss a maid and make a fine upstandin' husband. Willie was goin' to be me, why shudn' yu think I was Willie? Do 'ee, my dear, if 'tes any comfort to 'ee."

He slipped on the mask as he spoke and knotted the strings. The door had swung open, and the candle flame shook in the draught as though trying, in fear, to strain away from the wick. The steel-cold light of dawn grew in the sky and filtered into the room, showing all the sordid litter of it; the frightened woman, with a pink ribbon awry in her disordered hair, and the ominous figure of the masked man. He came toward her round the table.

"'Tes our bridal night, lass!" he said. "Why do 'ee shrink away? Mind yu that 'tes Willie speakin'! Don't let us think on James Glasson dead to the bottom o' the shaft. I'm Willie—brave Willie who loves 'ee. . . ."

As his arms came out to catch her, she saw his purpose in his eye, and remembered his words, "A red bridal, lass, a red bridal!"

At the last moment she woke out of her stupor, turned, and ran, he after her. Across the little garden, down the moorland road, over heather and slippery boulders and clinging bracken, startling the larks from their nests, scattering the globes of dew. Once she tried to make for a side-track that led to Perran-an-zenna, but he headed her off, and once again she

was running, heavily now, toward Wheal Zenna mine-shaft. He was gaining on her, and her breath was nearly spent. Both were going slowly, hardly above a stumbling walk, as the shaft came in sight; the drawing of their breath sounded harsh as the rasping of a file through the still air. As she neared the shaft she turned her head and saw him almost on her, and saw the gleam of something in his uplifted hand. She gathered together all her will, concentrated in those few moments all the strength of her nature, determined to cheat him at the last. Up the rubble of stones she scrambled, one gave beneath her foot and sent her down, and, abandoning the effort, she lay prone, awaiting the end.

But Vashti's luck held—it was the man who was to lose. A couple of miners who had been coming up the path from Perran-an-zenna had seen the chase and followed hot foot, unnoticed by the two straining, frantic creatures, who heard nothing but the roaring in their own ears. They caught Glasson as he ran across the patch of grass to the shaft, and he doubled up without a struggle in their arms. Physical and mental powers had failed together, and from that day James Glasson was a hopeless idiot—harmless and silent. Vashti had won indeed.

Admirable woman of affairs that she was, she took a good sleep before confronting the situation; then she made up her story and stuck to it. Willie's name was never mentioned, and his disappearance, so long threatened, passed as a minor event, swamped in the greater stir of Glasson's attempt to murder his wife. His madness had taken the one form that made Vashti safe—he had gone mad on secretiveness. How much he remembered not even she knew, but not a word could anyone drag from him. He would lay his finger where his nose should have been under the mask, and wag his head slyly. "Naw, naw, I was never one for tellin'," he would say. "James Glasson's no such fule that he can't keep 'enself to 'enself."

He lived on for several years in the asylum, and Vashti, after the free and easy fashion of the remote West, took to herself another husband. She went much to chapel, and there was no more religious Methodist to be found than she, and no one harder on the sins and vanities of young women.

LITTLE PAN

WITTER BYNNER

OUT on the hill, by an autumn tree
As red as his cheek in the weather,
He waved a sumac-torch at me
And preened, like a scarlet feather,
A branch of maple bright on his breast
And shook an oak in his cap;
And the dance of his heels on the rocky crest
Was a woodpecker's tap-tap-tap.

The eyes of a squirrel were quick in his head
And the grace of a deer in his shoulder,
And never a cardinal beckoned so red
As his torch when he leapt on a boulder;
A robin exclaiming he caught in a voice
Which hurried the heavens around him:
What could we do but attend and rejoice,
The heavens and I who had found him?

He spied me at last, though I hid by a pine,
But, before he could vanish in smoke,
I tried to induce him to give me a sign
And he stopped in his dance when I spoke:
"O tell me your species, and where you inhabit!"
He curled round his tree like a cat;
"They call me," he cried as he fled like a rabbit,
"Donovan's damned little brat!"

THOUGH STONE BE BROKEN

GEORGE CRAM COOK

THE earth's black brim above the sunset swings
Diminishing the light;
In every shadow stealthy deepenings
Forerun the night.

Massive glooms of the silent, lofty larches
Darken a pool below;
Trailing tender gleams through solemn arches
Fireflies go.

Mirrored upon the shadowed water's peace
The slow, soft fires of the flies
In tremulous reflections shine and cease
Like lights in eyes.

O lights of eyes I shall not see again—
Gone with the purple years!
Old friends, dear loves of vanished days, in vain
Are this day's tears.

Through them I still can see that mullen stalk's
Corinthian column lift
Ornately from the richly lichen'd rock's
Root-holding rift;

Still past its pillar's velvet grayness gleam
The lights compassionate;
And still I hear the waters of the stream,
Steady as fate,

Move on, continuous as time, a tool
Graving the floor of rock
Whereon I played, a child, above that pool.
A sudden shock

Of memory, and all the slow change spread
Through thirty gradual years
Of frost and freshet on that rocky bed
At once appears;

And through the dusk of other days I feel
The falls of childhood stream
Over their vanished ledge of rock unreal—
Gone like a dream.

Gone is the solid stone like thoughts that pass—
As fireflies gleam and go;
Gone like the flowers of spring, the summer's grass,
The winter's snow.

I note the rocky channel backward broken,
The ledge's jagged line,
Reading each inch of it as sign and token
Of days of mine.

Tracing upon that calendar of stone
One man's remembered life;
The joy, shame, sorrow, honor I have known;
The creeds, the strife—

Timing each heart-beat by each sundered shard
Of worn stone fallen here,
My mind traverses mutely yard by yard
Each scripted year.

The graven past, this fluid instant's fall,
The future's mystery,
The whole of it, the feeling of it all,
Comes home to me;

While there above on the yet uncrumbled floor
I know the point must lie
Where the receding waterfall shall pour
The day I die.

Death does dismay, but even more than this
Heart's hunger lacking food,
Tense melancholy's perilous abyss,
Black solitude;

Immuring barriers, bolted doors held shut,
The hostile world's deep guile,
The stiffened knots of circumstance uncut,
Cold chains to file;

Disintegrating grief, life-sapping care,
All things that make us old,
Darkness of faded hope and heart's despair,
And love grown cold.

O love, dear love remote to whom I turn
From life's great loneliness,
With all my heavy heart for you I yearn,
And yearning, bless!

You are salvation in the darkness gleaming,
A window in the night,
A sheltered warmth mid the wind's wild screaming,
A spear of light!

To night, the rose of dawn; to tempest, calm;
To poverty rich gold;
To hunger, food; and spring's divinest balm
To winter's cold.

Within your heart I seek the love unknown
In days of girl and boy,
Love lasting longer than the transient stone
The streams destroy.

Love lasting until death—is it a dream—
Is it a dream alone?
Shall no love last here while the unceasing stream
Wears out the stone?

We know the future years shall surely show
The wasting of the rock;
Shall rock above and crumbled rock below
Together mock?

Shall anything endure where rock decays
Beneath the raindrop's weight?
Shall Love prevail against the flood of days
Swept on by fate?

We know not; but we know that only Love
Can keep our hearts alive:
For this—the best that we have knowledge of—
We live and strive.

Love's yearning hope forever to endure
Endures, and yields no jot.
Loves fail: the unshaken soul of us makes sure
That Love shall not.

Loves fail: but as we face the corroding powers
That test all loves and try,
My faith gleams diamond-hard that this of ours
Shall time defy.

Lo, I am yours—by life's profoundest forces
Flooding man's heart and brain,
As waters in the thunder of their courses
Follow the rain.

Love, dearest love, whom bitter barriers keep
In loneliness afar,
O bear it till the surging waters sweep
Away the bar.

Barrier and bar go down beneath love's force
Between the shaven shores;
Though stone be broken, down his destined course
The torrent pours.

IS THE THIRD-TERM ISSUE NEGLIGIBLE?

CHARLES VALE

THERE can be little reasonable doubt that Colonel Roosevelt has great ability, energy, faith in himself and faith in his country. It is quite possible—indeed, highly probable—that if he were elected as the next President the country would survive the dangers of a third term, and might perhaps profit considerably by his administration; and even if his characteristic impetuosity should bring trouble, it is sometimes preferable to suffer through excess of action than through excess of lethargy. There is no doubt whatever, reasonable or otherwise, that the White House is inhabited when the Colonel has taken up his official residence there. He has the habit of becoming the centre of most of the political circles, instead of gyrating amiably but negligibly on the circumference. The stick that he wields to enforce his arguments may be a trifle too substantial in diameter, or may occasionally resemble an Irish shillelah. But it is effective. Heads may be broken, but events march. The direction may seem wrong; yet there are two ways of travelling round the globe, and several roads by which Rome may be reached.

All this may be granted. Colonel Roosevelt's special friends will readily find other advantages in his leadership, while his personal and political opponents will as easily discover disadvantages and dangers. But the question and the conflict are resolving themselves too distinctly into a personal issue. Principles are not infallible or immutable: yet they are not irrelevant. It may often happen that every private and temporary interest should be made subsidiary to a general care for the public welfare, even to the safeguarding of a mere idea or theory, and even if the present must be sacrificed in some degree for the sake of the future. The actual point of first reference may seem comparatively trivial: the ill-effects of a certain course of action may appear merely problematical. But it is not advisable to take chances with the freedom of a nation and the preservation

of an ideal, unless the necessity is unmistakable and the choice of the people deliberate and well-advised.

Transforming molehills into mountains has been a profitable political industry in all times and countries; and a saving sense of humor should moderate the piling together of the dust and ashes of controversy. The third-term issue is not yet a mountain. But it is more than a molehill. It is not necessary to accuse Colonel Roosevelt of inconsistency. Whether he meant what he himself said in November, 1904, and December, 1907, or what *The Outlook* said for him in February, 1912, is not of vast importance. But, for the sake of fairness, it is as well to quote his own supplementary statement, after *The Outlook* had prepared the way. There may have been some verbal inaccuracy in the account; but this is what Colonel Roosevelt is reported to have said:

"My position on the third term is perfectly simple. I stated it as clearly as I could in 1904 and reiterated it in 1907. I said I would not accept a nomination for a third term under any circumstances—*meaning, of course, a third consecutive term.*"

The italicized addition, after five years' reflection, seems a little disingenuous. It is difficult to understand how a nomination that was to be refused *under any circumstances* can be accepted under special circumstances. Surely particular circumstances come within the scope of *any* circumstances. But the point is important only in its implications of self-deception, of mental evasiveness, of an inability to realize that frankness is far better than fiction. In its worst aspect, the explanation is an equivocation, opportunistic and unpleasant: in its best, it is an attempt to place a strained construction on a statement that seemed commendably unambiguous and final. In any event, Colonel Roosevelt need not have attempted to justify what the majority of citizens will regard as a complete change of position. He has an undeniable right to readjust his viewpoint. Mere consistency is the bugbear of little minds. A statesman is not petrified into perfection at any particular stage in his career. He is not denied the privilege of growth, of susceptibility to new, bigger, finer ideas. But the growth should be continuous, and should not be confused with the shrinking, the self-negation, of

decrepitude. If Colonel Roosevelt has changed his opinions with regard to the tenure of office by the President, he is entitled to his new convictions. The only duty that is necessarily entailed is that he should make it perfectly clear to the country that the change was due in no way to personal, selfish motives, but to what he considers a truer conception of the Constitution and the needs of the nation.

Few men of affairs are wandering to and fro, seeking by the wayside evidences of the decline and fall of the Republic and the insidious approach of tyranny. There has been singularly little reference to Roman decadence and the subtle but secure establishment of Cæsarism. We have been spared interesting parallelisms between Augustus, *Princeps Senatus*, and Theodore I, *facile princeps*, without any special reference to the Senate, though with a wide reference to the country. But we have also been spared a clear summary of the possibilities of the precedent of one-man dominance, should it once be established.

It has been maintained—and George Washington has been cited as a supporter of the doctrine—that there can be no objection to a third term, or any number of terms, provided not more than two at a time are consecutive. It is asserted that Colonel Roosevelt, or any man in his position, controls no patronage, can throw no official weight into the political scale. As an independent citizen, relying solely on his own merits, he submits himself to the suffrages of his fellows.

But what may really happen? What has actually happened, if the situation can be read rightly? A President who has completed two terms may retire, and put in his place a personal nominee—as Mr. Taft was practically the personal nominee of Colonel Roosevelt—on the understanding that that nominee shall gratefully efface himself at the expiration of one term, and make way for the new double-term of his patron—as Colonel Roosevelt has apparently shown that he expected Mr. Taft to efface himself. At each election—unless the friendly understanding fell through—the whole weight of officialism would be cast as a unit in support of the semi-permanent President, or his temporary substitute.

If this possibility be doubted, Colonel Roosevelt's adherents

may be persuaded by his own statement, as reported by the press on February 27. He said:

"A President of the United States, under the present convention system of electing delegates, can, if he knows how to use the machinery at his disposal, renominate himself, even though the majority of his party is against him." And if he can renominate himself, he can assuredly renominate his more powerful patron, the permanent controller of the Government.

It may be said that the people cannot be fooled, that such a happy family arrangement would very soon be made nugatory by the emphatic condemnation of the electorate. But would it? Is the electorate perfectly sure that it is not being fooled very cleverly at the present time? And, in any event, is it prepared to establish, once for all, the precedent of a Presidential tenure of office limited only by the regular break at the end of each double-term—a break that could very soon be eliminated in its turn by a new precedent, when once the major innovation had been accepted?

Straining at gnats has been a pursuit as popular as the unnecessary elevation of molehills. But it is not inevitable that the public should swallow the camel generally offered as an associated feature of the straining process.

The ex-President probably believes that he can reconcile his personal ambition with the welfare of the country; but a truer patriotism would have shown him that his services are not indispensable, while his candidature undoubtedly contains elements of grave danger for the institutions that he is specially pledged to safeguard. By his own words he may be judged.

"I hold that the only safe attitude for us here in America to take is the attitude taken by Abraham Lincoln, the attitude of believing that if an issue of wisdom or unwisdom, of right or wrong, is put fairly before the people, the people can be trusted to make their decision for themselves.

"Our system of government is a confessed failure unless the people are to be trusted to govern themselves."

If Colonel Roosevelt really desires that the people should govern themselves, now and in the future, he would not have countenanced a campaign that has made all thoughtful men justly suspicious of his motives and impatient of his methods.

HOME RULE AND PERSONAL INTERESTS

ROLAND G. USHER

NOW that Home Rule is once more a major issue in English politics and is once more attracting the attention of Americans, it may not be amiss to point out that conceptions of ethics and justice, notions of democracy and fair play will not be the only important facts to grasp. They certainly will play their part, especially in the stump speeches and magazine articles, together with other general concepts, whose vagueness and supposed axiomatic character make them peculiarly telling in an emotional appeal to a general audience. Everyone's eyes will be turned upon the English Cabinet and English Parliament and English nation to see what they will do, and no one will be greatly astonished if he finds the Irish enthusiasts insisting that England's unwillingness to do plain justice to Ireland, or her selfish desire to rule, stands in the way of Home Rule. We expect to be told that England is selfish, though many students would doubt such a simple explanation of the reluctance to grant Home Rule to Ireland, in view of the willing concession of Home Rule to the Over-Sea Dominions. But most people will forget or ignore the fact that the Irish Nationalists in the English House of Commons are a great factor in the problem and that their personal ambitions and desires will be of great significance and may themselves place obstacles in the way of the Bill. Redmond and his friends are no doubt sincere patriots, but they are after all men; and it is not possible to wave aside as incredible the supposition that they have personal and self-centred ambitions, in the face of the knowledge that every great movement in history has been deeply influenced by the private aims of the men into whose hands power has fallen.

Home Rule is almost certain to work a great change in the personal resources of the Irish leaders, for the large revenue they have drawn from the Irish sympathizers in America and elsewhere will stop as soon as self-government is a reality. The champions of Ireland's woes are without question patriots and have certainly devoted a great many years to their advocacy of

the cause; but they have not done it for nothing. Far from blaming them for accepting money for their support, the step must be admitted to have been necessary to keep the party and its propaganda in existence. Nevertheless they cannot, and we should not, forget that Home Rule has not only supported them for a good many years, but has paid them "salaries" limited only by the amount of money they could collect, a figure they have carefully kept to themselves. Indeed, should they deny they have ever received a penny, there would be no indisputable proof; and if they should now submit accounts, there would be no way to establish their truth, because they have never publicly accounted before for receipts or expenditures. The agitation has supported from fifty to seventy-five men in comfort, if not luxury, for several decades, and it is hardly likely that Home Rule itself can offer them personally anything comparable. Life in Dublin will not be life in London; and the Irishman who found London drawing-rooms open to a patriot fighting for his country's liberty is not unlikely to find English society in Ireland far from ready to receive him with open arms. The racial and religious line will appear against him in a way that will be peculiarly galling after the distinguished courtesy the leaders have received in London.

Home Rule also means for the leaders the assumption of very heavy responsibilities for which their work in opposition has not fitted them. The rôle of critic which they have long played is easy to assume and requires only a small amount of effort to maintain. Nor was any accounting necessary: the obstinate stupidity of Englishmen, their self-seeking and tyranny would explain to enthusiastic Celts the slowness of progress which might really have been due to the Nationalists' own inefficiency and lethargy. To undertake the task of governing will mean strenuous daily exertion very different from fairly regular attendance at debates in the House of Commons and from voting against propositions which other men had worked to prepare. The joy of battle which enlivened many a dull task, the enthusiasm for the cause which lightened many a weary hour, will now depart. To be sure, the supremely important work of the reconstruction of Irish administration upon which Redmond

and his associates will at once embark is a task sufficiently attractive to satisfy any normal ambition, and its successful completion would unquestionably add laurels to the reputation even of the men who won Home Rule. At the same time, Redmond cannot but be conscious that the success must be striking indeed to answer such expectations as he and his followers have been diligently arousing, and that failure to achieve a substantial part of what is expected of him will as effectively cost him a great reputation as would actual failure to govern the country. He must govern not merely as well as the English have; he must do so much better that the difference will be *felt* by the average man. Then, too, after the first enthusiasm of mapping out the great conception and the satisfaction of seeing it adopted by Parliament, will come the anxious days while it is going into operation and is beginning to take effect. And to the strain and worry of that time will be inevitably added the dull drudgery of administrative routine. Such tedium will certainly dull the joys of high office. Nor will it be possible for him to avoid a most careful consideration of the minutest details. The coach of state will be new and untried and the breaking of a bolt or strap at the critical moment may bring the whole structure to the ground. Above all, the martyr's crown will no longer press his brow and atone for his blunders and defects. His own followers will look upon him differently, and he will find it far more difficult to marshal them in battle array once the need of battle is gone. The most difficult moment in the campaign, the one in which wars are won and lost, is not that of battle, but that immediately following victory. Only the great general can utilize it, and Redmond has probably qualms and doubts as to his ability to make out of it all that it is imperative he should. For without much question the unity of front which his party has long presented will disappear and the rifts in the party ranks, which have been kept out of sight only by the cry of the greater end, will become only too clear. Personal rivalry, differences of opinion and of policy, personal ambitions for office, will come to the fore, and the thorough knowledge of each others' history and weaknesses which the long years' association has given every Home Ruler will now be turned to account in the struggle for

the control of the new Irish Government. And they will in future be the assailed, not the assailants; they must develop a policy and defend it under the same type of opposition from the Ulster men that they themselves long used at St. Stephen's; they must deal with a party of irreconcilables at least as determined as they themselves have been. Far from its being true that the attainment of the object for which they have worked so long will fill to the full the cup of their personal ambitions—save the honor of having been the men to secure it—it may very likely produce changes in their life and habits which will be actually distasteful to them. Instead of controlling the size of their incomes, of spending other large sums at discretion, of holding their position by a practically certain tenure whatever their success or conduct, their incomes will be paid by the State, their expenditures rigorously followed by the Opposition, and their tenure of office will depend upon such extremely diverse factors as their own administrative ability, the possibility of building and maintaining an effective party machine which will retain control of the new Legislature, the strength or weakness of the Opposition's organization, and the relative ability of the two to influence the opinions of a singularly mercurial people. They would be more than human if they did not view the future with some apprehension.

Again, it will not be an easy matter for the present leaders to maintain a majority in an Irish House whose membership is fairly apportioned according to population. A party composed chiefly of Catholics, boasting of the Celtic blood in their veins, will not command the enthusiastic support of the Ulster Presbyterians and the Dublin Episcopalians, and, should a minority of the Nationalists unite with the latter, the men who had fought for Home Rule and won it might be compelled to endure the exquisite pain of seeing Ireland governed by those whom they consider no less their enemies than the English in England. Nor is it likely that they can view such a possibility calmly or fail to do their utmost to prevent it. In fact, they have personally so much they may lose by the granting of Home Rule, and so little they can gain under the best of circumstances, that they may be by no means willing to accept simple Home Rule.

To prevent the certain loss of their reputations and political position (from which the rank and file derive their livelihood) they may accept Home Rule only on such terms as will probably insure the financial and administrative success of the new Government for a term of years, and the certain retention of the government of Ireland by Catholics and Celts, with a predominant share in the hands of themselves and their retainers. They have fought all these years, spurred on by the consciousness that the enthusiasm of victory would unquestionably put the government of Ireland into the hands of the victors. They have fought, not so much that Ireland might rule herself, but that they might rule her. It is hard to blame them. Yet it is extremely difficult to explain on any other basis certain clauses of the draft bill as outlined by Mr. Churchill at Belfast, and all but impossible to understand the attitude of English statesmen and the English people, except on the ground that they believe such things to be true.

It is not the purpose of this article to set forth the actual truth of the situation, but to show how many Irishmen and Englishmen are convinced the Nationalists regard it. Not because these things are true or false, but because they are plausible and probable, they will play a large part in securing or preventing the assent of the English electorate to Home Rule. If they are true, they are the explanation of the attitude of the Irish leaders. The English are probably willing to allow the Irish people *as a whole* to rule themselves; but their love of fair play, their inevitable sympathy with the large number of people of their own race and religion, or with similar ideals, living in Ireland, will revolt at the idea of handing them over to Redmond and his associates to be governed for a term of years. Why it is fairer and more equitable for the English and Ulstermen in Ireland to be ruled by the Irish than for England to rule the whole in that very mild and modified form of "tyranny" that has obtained during the last three decades, the English cannot understand. All their ethical, religious, and democratic notions are against it, and, if they should come to believe that these personal motives were causing the Irish leaders to insist upon modifications in the Bill, they would clamor loudly for its rejection. On the other

hand, the Irish leaders apparently do not want Home Rule on any other terms and will themselves vote down any other provisions. It is thus literally true that one of the greatest obstacles in the path of the new Bill is the fact or the belief (time alone can tell which) that the Irish themselves will accept Home Rule only on conditions that will make the present leaders and the Catholics supreme.

THE STUMBLING BLOCK IN ENGLISH POLITICS

H. E. MAHOOD

THE Women Suffragists have, at length, forced a pitched battle upon the Government.

When, not yet six years ago, Christabel Pankhurst, then a young woman of about twenty-four, and the equally youthful Lancashire mill-girl, Annie Kenney, began the "militant agitation," and had—as they had asserted they would—"roused London," a politician who had seen the beginnings of many agitations, their ebbings and their flowings, their apparently barren victories, their delays, their disappointments and their defeats, gave it as his opinion that, in twenty years, with luck and hard work, the question might reach the stage of practical politics.

The Conciliation Bill seemed about to falsify this forecast. There is little doubt that, but for the recent promise made by the Premier of a Manhood Suffrage Bill, it would have passed through all its stages in 1912 and would thus have put the first measure for the parliamentary enfranchisement of women upon the British Statute Book. There is now practically no chance of the Bill becoming law; once more, a very pretty quarrel is raging between the women and the Government, and, to use the expressive phrases of a great Liberal newspaper, "Women's Suffrage is in a hopeless Parliamentary tangle"—a circumstance which would not cause a Liberal party organ much concern perhaps, but the article goes on—"with the Cabinet tied in a knot in the middle."

There is nothing novel in the mere fact of a quarrel between the Suffragists and the Government; the important and distinguishing point about the present fray is that every political party in the country, with the single exception of the Irish Nationalists, has rushed into it. The Unionists, who have hitherto stood aside from the whole controversy, are now condemning the Government in no measured terms for their treatment of the Suffragists. The Parliamentary Labor Party, an important factor in the Liberal coalition, is arrayed, almost to a man, against the promised great Government measure; its local branches up and

down the country are busily engaged in passing resolutions definitely rejecting that which, a few years ago, would have been regarded by Labor Men and Socialists as an enormous stride toward their franchise ideal—adult suffrage; and the Annual Conference of the Labor Party, held a few weeks ago, requested the members of the Party in Parliament to “make it clear that no (franchise) Bill which does not include women can be acceptable to the Labor or Socialist movement.”

The situation changes from day to day. Before these words are in print, one of two things may easily have happened: either Mr. Asquith and the anti-suffrage minority in his Cabinet may have resigned office and Mr. Lloyd George, his probable successor, may be in the midst of forming a new Liberal Administration pledged to bring in a Bill for adult suffrage; or, as appears to the writer the more likely course of events, the anti-suffrage members of the Government may have seen the absolute necessity of subordinating their own personal prejudices to the true interests of their party in this crisis. No surrender of principle would be called for. The claim for Women's Suffrage rests upon principles which are inherent in historic Liberalism; they are, in fact, among its fundamental theories.

There is a notable precedent for such a change of front. The circumstances in connection with Women's Suffrage bear several remarkable likenesses to those surrounding a famous cause of a century ago—Catholic Emancipation. The Duke of Wellington was then Premier. Both he and his colleague, Sir Robert Peel, the Leader of the Conservative Government in the House of Commons, were strongly against Emancipation; indeed, Mr. Asquith has never said anything so strong against the modern claim as the Iron Duke did against the old one. Yet when these statesmen were once convinced that the question was an urgent one, that it was an absolute necessity of the age, they not only withdrew their opposition, but actually brought in and carried through all its stages a Government Bill to remove the disabilities of the Catholics.

The history of the stirring events which have led up to the present Cabinet crisis—for it is no less—may be briefly recounted.

The cause of Women's Suffrage has labored under a curious disability in England; it has not been a party question. This is one of the respects in which it has resembled Catholic Emancipation. The Suffragists in the House of Commons are scattered among the ranks of all parties; there has been, therefore, a lack of driving power behind it. Conservatives have distrusted it from a party point of view, because so many Liberals and Labor men have given it an academic sort of support; Liberals have viewed it with suspicion, because, so they averred, women were "born Tories" and were supposed to "vote Tory" in municipal elections. Neither side would touch it officially.

After fifty years of fruitless constitutional agitation, Christabel Pankhurst came on the scene and brought to the service of a despairing cause her strong, clear, trained young brain; her knowledge of law and a political insight which, in her case, appears to be in the nature of an extra faculty. The women of adventurous temperament hailed her as their leader; she had seen the thing for which they had been blindly groping. She declared, in effect, that it is folly for the weaker side in a struggle to agree beforehand that its more powerful opponent shall lay down the rules of the game and politely allow itself to be defeated by those rules before the battle is half over. The generals of Napoleon's day complained bitterly of that great adventurer. They said he broke the rules. The charge was just. He actually had the impertinence to behave as though the business of a general were to win battles. And he did it, too, in defiance of the unfavorable criticisms of his enemies, with their marches and counter-marches, their cut-and-dried plans of campaign learned in the military schools of Europe. No wonder old campaigners do not approve of Christabel Pankhurst, with her application of Napoleonic methods.

When two powerful parties appear to act on an unspoken compact to oppose a third one, less powerful, the latter's only chance of beating them both in the end is to prove to one or the other of its enemies that, of the two, it is bearing most of the loss and getting none of the advantages of the alliance. The commencement of "militant methods" synchronized with the return of the Liberals to power after a long period of Unionist

administration. Their party, therefore, was the one more vulnerable to attack and to criticism. The agitation soon became an exasperation to them. They had returned from the polls flushed with victory and full of eager plans for long-delayed reforms, only to find themselves hampered at every turn by an opponent who seemed ubiquitous and whose ingenuity in inventing fresh methods of torment was almost diabolical.

The "anti-Government" policy of the militant societies, although it was precisely the same as that which had proved so effective when employed by O'Connell and the Emancipators, and half a century later by Parnell, puzzled everybody, including experienced politicians. It is now generally understood, but within the last few weeks, even, *Punch* has had a clever cartoon on the subject. *The Judgment of Parisette* shows Lord Haldane, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George clad in classic draperies, simpering, posing, and showing off their graces and points of beauty, while the Militant Suffragist as Parisette, with a shepherd's crook, holds the golden apple in her hand and looks threateningly from one to the other of the three eminent members of the British Cabinet, exclaiming: "Now, let me see, which of these three is my best friend, that I may hurl the apple at him?"

In the early days of their conflict with the Government, hundreds of the militant methodists developed a fine gift for public speaking, using the weapons of ridicule and of repartee with great success and *sang froid*, attacking chiefly, it must be confessed, those members of the Cabinet who were popularly supposed to be their best friends. Whenever there was a bye-election they were there in the constituency, crowds of them, carrying placards, selling *Votes for Women*, distributing literature, canvassing against the Liberal candidate. Pretty and well-dressed girls held rival outdoor meetings under the very nose of the candidate and explained to the amused and interested crowds that Mr. X—'s personal opinions were of no use to Suffragists; if he were sent to the House of Commons he could do nothing for Suffrage except vote for a Bill which his own leaders in the Cabinet would promptly kill. "Vote against the candidate of the Liberal Government which refuses to give votes to women! Keep the Liberal out!" was the watchword. This was only part

of the game. All the world has heard the story of the "interruptions" at Cabinet Ministers' meetings, the uproar caused by the mere utterance of the magic words "Votes for Women," the ultimate exclusion of women from such meetings and the continuance of the campaign by members of the Men's Political Union for Women's Enfranchisement, the Men's League for Women's Suffrage and similar societies; the waylaying, questioning, badgering and tormenting of members of the Government, the armies of police called out to protect the Houses of Parliament themselves from a few hundreds of ladies of reputation and social position going on what they themselves were pleased to describe as a "peaceful, unarmed deputation to the Prime Minister." The Suffragists have not aimed at inflicting physical injuries on anybody. The force which they have employed is of a much more subtle kind. They set out to damage the political prestige of Ministers, and they have succeeded. Over and over again they have made them appear ridiculous in the eyes of the country. When, in early days, the women put their questions and waved their banners at public meetings, they distracted the attention of the audiences from the important personages on the platform and spoiled the carefully-prepared speeches. The act of shutting them out of meetings still further lowered the dignity of Ministers. It proved that they could not control the audiences, while the Suffragists themselves were able to hold triumphant crowded meetings, both indoor and outdoor, at which they courted questions and dealt skilfully with interrupters. Mr. Lloyd George himself has been surpassed in the art of repartee by more than one woman speaker. Then, all along, their courage, coolness and good-humor have appealed to the crowd, and have inspired a respect in men which, in England, no other proof of equal intellectual powers has been able to command.

The tactics, relentlessly and tirelessly pursued as they were, brought about the formation of the "Conciliation Committee," with Lord Lytton, a Liberal Peer, as its chairman. Almost at its inception it led to a violent quarrel, conducted through the press, between his lordship and Mr. Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary. The Committee drafted its Bill, a Bill de-

signed to enlist the greatest possible measure of support and to meet the greatest possible number of objections. The militants hesitated about accepting it, but not for long. They had hitherto made exactly the same demand as the old constitutional non-militant societies; viz., "Suffrage on the same terms as it now is, or hereafter may be, granted to men." The Bill's proposals did not quite do that; it was a compromise which differed in unimportant points only, and not in principle, from the Suffragists' demand. The Bill passed a House of Commons' second reading in 1910, and again, in a slightly modified form, in 1911, both times with great majorities.

The present British Cabinet has appeared to be hopelessly divided on the question of votes for women. The Premier himself has never hesitated to avow his hostility, but, after a good deal of negotiation, on the part of the Conciliation Committee, Mr. Asquith at last promised that, if the Bill were equally successful next year—1912—the Government would give reasonable facilities for its further stages. This promise was subsequently repeated, along with the remarkable statement that it would be kept "not only in the letter but in the spirit." A truce was immediately declared by the Women's Social and Political Union and the question seemed in a fair way of being settled, peacefully, this year.

Then, into the midst of an orderly and constitutional agitation in support of the Bill, the Premier launched his bomb. In the words of his colleague, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Bill was "torpedoed."

Manhood Suffrage in 1912: the whole situation was changed in a single moment.

The Liberal Government came into power in 1906 pledged to bring in a Bill for Franchise Reform, a measure as eagerly desired by the Liberal Party as it is dreaded by the Unionists. But nobody supposed that Franchise Reform meant Manhood Suffrage. The Labor Party holds the principle of *Adult* Suffrage, but not even the Labor Party had regarded this question as within the realm of practical politics. *Manhood* Suffrage had not been demanded by anybody; no organization had existed for its advocacy; the Premier's announcement has been the

greatest political surprise since Mr. Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule for Ireland.

The militants instantly drew attention to the fact that the reply to the demand for votes for women had been an offer of more votes for men. They have not scrupled to accuse the Premier of bad faith and of laying a trap for them. In this accusation they were supported by the Unionist press. Mr. Asquith maintained that his promise stood; the women concluded that it had become worthless, and, in proof, quoted the language of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject. The only thing that was perfectly clear to the unprejudiced observer was the fact that the Government had made a very frank admission of the tremendous power of the Suffragists; it required the most powerful torpedo in the fleet to destroy their Bill. As is now patent, the same torpedo may also destroy the present *régime*. For, in addition to the threatened opposition of the Labor Party, it is a significant fact that, although it is now three months since the Premier made his announcement, the Liberals have maintained an ominous silence about it. The party whip is a powerful weapon, but a measure of first-class importance which does not command great and spontaneous enthusiasm is a danger to the party which adopts it.

The militant Suffragists have decided that they will have nothing further to do with the Conciliation Bill; they consider that it has now become a positive danger. For if men are, henceforth, to be enfranchised on the ground of their manhood, then women must be enfranchised on the ground of their womanhood and not on a mere occupation or rate-paying basis. The Premier had pointed out, very early in the dispute, that, on the introduction of the Manhood Bill, it would be open to any friend of Women's Suffrage—to a Cabinet Minister even—to move an amendment which would make the measure apply equally, or in modified form, to women. They replied, and with every justification, that such a radical change in the Constitution could not be brought about by a mere amendment; it would require all the weight, all the authority, all the parliamentary machinery of a strong Government behind it. As its defeat would not involve the defeat of the Government, moderate or timid supporters on

the Liberal side would feel free to vote against such an amendment; while tacked on, as it would be, to a big Liberal measure of a highly contentious sort, Unionist supporters of Women Suffrage would not vote for it either. It would be neither a non-party, nor, strictly speaking, a party solution of the question; the Suffragists would fall between two stools.

The women demand an assurance that the Manhood Bill will not be introduced, and in this demand, as already stated, they are being backed up by the whole force of the Labor Party. Militant tactics recommenced immediately. London glaziers must have reaped a fine harvest, for, on the occasion of a "deputation" shortly before Parliament adjourned for the Christmas holidays, broken glass fell about like hail and the district of Westminster looked as though it had undergone a siege. Over two hundred women were sent to prison for various periods. Cabinet Ministers, once more, are finding it difficult to get a hearing in their own meetings and they are being accosted, at every turn, by members of militant societies who want "replies" to certain questions. And recently, the most aggressive of all the campaigns of violence has commenced.

Directly after the torpedoing of the Conciliation Bill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that he himself, with other Ministers, as well as many Liberal M. P.'s, was about to begin a great campaign in the country for Women's Suffrage. The campaign began; both Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey made spirited speeches on behalf of the principle, but the support of the Right Honorable gentlemen, so far from saving the situation, aggravated it considerably. The Suffragists had made it perfectly clear beforehand that such a proceeding, if persisted in, would be regarded as an insult added to an injury. Moreover, if there is one convention more sacred than another to the English politician, of any party, it is the doctrine of united Cabinet responsibility. The spectacle of one-half of his Majesty's Cabinet campaigning in favor of a political proposal while the other half campaigned against it—for the "Anti" Ministers had threatened to take the field—was too much even for the Liberal press, and as for the Unionist papers, they have been almost incoherent with amazement. "One cannot have one Cabinet on

Home Rule and two Cabinets on Women's Suffrage," said *The Daily Chronicle*, a supporter of the Government. A leading article in *The Pall Mall Gazette* remarks: "The deliberate attempt of Ministers to remain in office by facing both ways would reduce politics once for all to a cynical game finally stripped of every vestige of decency"; while *The Daily Telegraph* declared: "There is reason to believe that danger, if not defeat, awaits the Government in general, and the Prime Minister in particular, during the coming session on the question of Women's Suffrage." The cartoonists, too, seized the situation. *Punch* showed Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Harcourt, back to back on the same platform, shouting to the crowds below:—Mr. Lloyd George: "Votes for Women! Don't you listen to my Esteemed Colleague!" Mr. Harcourt: "No Votes for Women! My Esteemed Colleague is talking nonsense!" *The Pall Mall Gazette* had a cartoon of Mr. Ralph Cleaver: "Thin ice—falling out before falling in." The Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the guise of errand boys, each with a basket on his arm, containing in the one case, "Home Rule," and in the other, "Disestablishment," are engaged in a wordy warfare on the ice—female suffrage—which cracks under and all around them, while the other small boy members of the Cabinet hurry up to the dangerous spot from all sides; Mr. Redmond stands gesticulating on the bank, in safety.

The leaders of the Suffragists attached no importance at the time to those signals of distress; they stated their belief that the ostensible conflict was nothing more serious than a sham fight, intended to lure their party away from the agitation against the Manhood Bill by tempting it to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of a Cabinet Minister's leadership. But the facts which made even a sham fight possible still remain, and the friends of the Government are offering all sorts of solutions of the difficulty.

A section of the Liberal press, which, at first, could see no serious obstacles to the "amendment" plan, has offered its suggestion. The referendum! Why not refer the matter to a *plébiscite*? But, as other equally important party journals have pointed out, it would be impossible for a Liberal Cabinet to employ the referendum in order to get themselves out of a tem-

porary difficulty. *The Daily News*, which is always regarded as a semi-official organ of the party, talks very plainly and says that to use the referendum would be a "marked breach of honor." It is, indeed, only a few short months since Liberals were engaged in denouncing the referendum in the strongest possible terms. The occasion was when the Unionist Opposition suggested it as the best available means of settling the question of the veto of the House of Lords.

From the Suffragist point of view the referendum suggestion was not without its value. It has proved the chief instrument in breaking down the unspoken agreement between the two great parties. The Unionist press has made fierce attacks on the Government, incidentally, of course, championing the women's cause, and exposing, for the first time in the daily press, the insincere treatment which their cause has received from the Liberals.

This article has mentioned two possible courses which lie before the Cabinet; but a third still remains to be dealt with. Hints have been thrown out to the effect that, finding their programme somewhat overweighted with measures of first-class importance, Ministers are contemplating the sacrifice of one or more of them. Neither Welsh Disestablishment nor Irish Home Rule could be dropped, the Government is too deeply pledged; but the proposed Manhood Suffrage Bill has no particular friends and many enemies; a Plural Voting Bill might take its place and thus fulfil the Government's promise of Franchise Reform. The Suffragists are on the watch, of course. Unless such a Bill could be proved innocent of any intention or any loophole for bestowing more votes on men, the services of the Labor Party would, once more, be commandeered to wreck it. Militant tactics would continue, and the Government would have to face the toils and anxieties of the session with the energetic guerrilla warfare harassing them on every side, while attempts to punish the perpetrators of technical breaches of the law and of petty offences would recoil, more heavily than ever, on themselves.

By pursuing some such course, however, the day of reckoning could be delayed, but not for long. Men of all parties are now agreed that the question must be settled. For many years, there has constantly been a large majority in the House of Com-

mons in favor of the principle, and the last Conciliation Bill was actually the eighth measure for Women's Suffrage which had obtained a large second reading majority. These facts form a grave national scandal, and now that the Suffragists have dragged the question of Parliamentary procedure into the light of day, and demonstrated how easily it can be made into a method of indefinitely delaying urgently demanded reform, they tend to bring Parliament itself into contempt and to weaken the authority of Government by Cabinet. Whenever the time comes for an appeal to the country, therefore, the Liberal Party will be compelled to tackle the question; they will no longer be able to evade taking up a definite position, for or against.

But, to use an expressive slang phrase—"They have queered their own pitch." Adult Suffrage was not "practical politics" four months ago. At one bound, thanks to the panic-stricken action of a statesman who was, apparently, determined to beat his women opponents at any cost, it has reached that stormy yet fervently-desired region. Incidentally, the British Labor Party has given the older parties in the State a much-needed lesson in political chivalry. A Liberal Cabinet evidently did not foresee any possibility that working-men might refuse to accept a political boon at the cost of treachery to their women colleagues. Yet this unforeseen thing has happened.

And now, whenever the moment may come for the Liberal Government to "appeal to the country," it will be met with an urgent demand, on the part of the Labor Party, for Adult Suffrage, a demand which Liberals will find extremely difficult to parry. One-half has already been offered; that particular half could not, in the future, be refused. The Women Suffragists may be trusted to look after the other half!

THE VOCATIONAL DIVIDE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

A LECTURER on educational topics was once riding over a bleak hill in New England to reach an evening appointment and fell into conversation with her young driver, who was secured for the occasion by the proprietor of the livery stable because he "couldn't spare a man to go so fur." Talking with the lad, the lady ascertained that he was regularly employed in the mill which loomed so large in the valley landscape they were leaving behind, and that he had learned to drive so as to get an odd job now and then when, as in the present instance, the "mills shut down" for any reason. The boy was frank and somewhat boastful about his family affairs. His father "worked in the mill," he said, "was a weaver; got nine to ten dollars every week." His sister worked too; she "got as much as five or six dollars most weeks." His brother was beginning and he got sometimes a dollar and a half. His aunt, "she lived with them, and she was awful smart, most the best weaver in the mill," and she got eleven or twelve dollars a week and "didn't have to pay hardly any fines, she was so careful." "And your mother?" asked the lady; "what does she do?" "Oh," answered the boy proudly, "she ain't in the mill; she used to work out, but she don't have to now—we take care of her." "Oh, I see," said the questioner, "she does not work; how nice that is." "Why, yes, she does work, too," said the boy rather resentfully, "she works all the time—she's the best mother in town; she takes care of the house and cooks for us and puts up our dinners and mends the clothes and does everything."

"Ah," said the inquiring economist, "I see, she is most useful—and what wages does she get?" "Why, she don't get wages at all," responded the boy, beginning to be a bit confused, "she does the things in the house. She works, of course she does, but there ain't no money into it." "Oh, I see," again said the lady, and closed the brief interview with the conventional hope that they were all kind to the best mother in town.

A young couple, just nearing the wedding day, were discussing ways and means relative to housekeeping in that delightfully engrossing manner suited to the intimate character of the situation. Not "standards of living" was the subject in hand, but how "he" and "she" were to live together in the new Paradise they were to enter. They had reached the critical stage when the parallel columns of "must haves" and "want to haves," being set down with careful precision, mount up so frightfully in the sum total. Having in mind the small salary of an instructor in college, they soon reached the conclusion that the things one must do without are far more numerous than those one can secure. Suddenly the bride-to-be exclaimed: "But, Henry, we are trying to put all the things we have both had and both want into one income. You are earning \$2,000 and I am earning \$900 and that is \$2,900, and not just your \$2,000. Can't I earn something, too, so we won't have to do without so many things?" "No, indeed, my beloved one," said the groom-to-be, "I should despise myself if I could not take care of you, and properly. No, you can never earn outside the home after we are married." "But—but," faltered the beloved one, "you see we have not yet allowed anything for domestic help in either of our lists. We should have to have a scrubwoman and a laundress and that would cost something even with no maid, and it mounts up frightfully without that. Couldn't I do something to earn as well as do all the housework to save?" The answer came with hesitancy: "Of course, you ought to have a maid; but I don't see how we can afford it just at first. Of course, I shall earn more later on, and with you to inspire me very soon. I don't know how these household things are managed. My father, you know, was a minister with a small salary and mother did everything about the house. Is it very hard?" he asked tenderly. "Perhaps not," she said; "you know I have been at school and college and teaching and I don't really know; but I shall learn to do everything perfectly, of course, and make the little home what it should be. But that does not seem to make me save more than the maid's wages and what her food might cost. We still have to do without a frightful lot of things we both want and are used to." "Well, you can't earn money

outside anyway," he settled the question. "People would talk and with justice, as if I were a poor sort of husband if I couldn't take care of you." The young wife acquiesced and began soon to engage in much hard work that had "no money into it" in order to make the home of which they were both so proud. The only times, however, when she was fully convinced that she was "supported" were the occasions when she needed some article of dress and had to mention the fact to her husband, who, thinking she "looked lovely in anything," was often oblivious to the fact that women's wardrobes had sometimes to be replenished. And the larger income the young professor in time earned was more than swallowed up by the demands of the fast-coming children. Hence, her saving by working was still essential.

A married couple with no children, he a doctor, and she a music teacher, continuing professional work after marriage, had a combined income allowing more than ordinary freedom of expenditure. One day there came a crisis in their lives which involved both professional and economic questions. The husband received a flattering call from a well-known physician in a large city to become junior partner, with the prospect of becoming his successor later on. The offer did not secure for the first few years a much larger income than the doctor alone was earning and not so large as her additional income made their joint possession. It was reasonably certain, however, that the economic advance would be very considerable after the first years and that the position would give the young doctor a most enviable place in his profession. There was no question in the mind of the husband as to the acceptance of the offer as he joyously read aloud to his wife the letter from the distinguished physician and his intended reply. To have such recognition of his professional standing while still under forty was indeed a good fortune which could not fail to cause elation. His wife was sympathetic and rejoiced with him in this proof of his powers; but he could not fail to notice, after a while, that she was not as entirely happy as he in the prospect of the change. "What is it, wife?" he asked at last; "don't you like the big city this will make us live in?" "Oh," she answered, "any place where we both are, and you are happy and useful, would be home

to me; but my own work—what of that? I know the conditions in this city you are called to; it has a big Conservatory of Music and the crowding of its graduates into the teaching field each year would make it almost impossible for any stranger to get a chance for pupils. I might some day break into the line, but not for a long time and only then if I could work up some specialty of teaching not now overcrowded; and that would mean that I must myself study and that would be too expensive with the income you are offered. You know," she added, with the gentle deference to men's pride which all wise and loving women practise, "I have paid for the extra maid service and my own personal expenses, as I should do, with my separate income, and I can see that it may be difficult for me, for us, to manage affairs on the new basis." "Why, wife," he said, with evident disappointment, "I supposed, of course, you would feel with me that my professional advance and the permanent, if not present, increase in income which it would bring were wholly your gain as well as mine. If you have more leisure, by reason of not teaching, I suppose you could easily do some of the things you hire help for now and, of course, I should do everything I could to have you miss nothing. You must keep up with your music all you can, for your own and our friends' enjoyment; but I suppose we couldn't afford lessons yet awhile. I shall have to brush up a bit at the hospital and learn the ways of the city-folk in my profession, and that will cost something, I am afraid. But surely you appreciate how great an opportunity this is for both of us?" "Yes," of course she "appreciated," and equally of course she did housework and sewing and mending which she hated, instead of teaching music which she loved, during the years when such sacrifice was necessary. She did not enjoy, however, overhearing one of his family say to her husband: "Well, one thing, Doc, I am glad of, this move breaks up Fannie's teaching. It queers a man to have his wife work after marriage and it's lucky you left that village when you did and had your home where she couldn't keep on doing what would make every man wonder what was the matter with you." It crossed the mind of the woman who was valiantly trying to acquire belated efficiency in managing a household, and one in which a

doctor's irregularity made three meals a day a serious proposition, that her present occupations bore a strong resemblance to "work"; but, obviously, they could not be real labor since she was now being "taken care of" for the first time in her married life!

Another couple started out on their wedding day with a clearly defined plan which marked them as "new" and "different." They were both artists; he also an instructor in an art school of distinction. All went well in their mutual regard for each other's work, "self-reverent each, and reverencing each" their living formula. All went well until the children came. Then it became clear that it was not right to have little ones tumbling around in a studio, however picturesque it might be, and sleeping behind screens that shut out no sound of hilarious callers in the late evening, and subject to the gastronomic hazards of irregular breakfasts, "Bohemian lunches" and "dinners out." These things were eminently satisfactory to the parents, both of whom loved to do the unexpected and take the consequences, sure for them to be far happier or funnier than any planned-for arrangement could be. But they did not suit the needs of little people. They must be brought up in a "regular manner," terrible "straight jacket" as this seemed to be to the lovers who were responsible for those infants. There was not the slightest wish on either side to shirk parental duty; but, on the other hand, neither could wink out of sight the fact that the proper care of the babies required an immense sacrifice on the part of both parents, and a revolution in her way of life for the mother. It was clear that economic responsibility for the household must be given over wholly to the husband, who had a steady salary, as well as a greater capacity to do the conventional things that sell readily. Yet he, as well as she, he more than she (such was his rare grace of humility in view of another's powers) realized that hers was the finer insight and the rarer touch in expression, hers the spark of genius most likely to be recognized after she was dead, if not before. It chafed that she must stop steady growth just in the morning time of her development, and lose technique for want of use, and dismiss thronging visions because it was time to feed the baby.

So infatuated were they with their art and with each other that, had it not been for the children, blessed encumbrances as they both felt them to be, the studio life together would have wrought out a companionship rare in its adjustment of each to each and of both to an ideal. As it was, they planted a home in the suburbs where it would be "healthy for the children" and, as the income was small, even with all the man could do, the wife and mother set ardently to work to do all the housework and take care of the children in the best manner possible. And lo, and behold, she found she liked it! Welling up from her subconscious self in proud delight at her cooking and her gardening and her sewing and her teaching of the little ones, rapidly becoming a charming quartette, came a deep satisfaction, not only at the well-being of the family for which the service was undertaken, but also in the perfection of her service itself. As she remarked often to her husband when a new housewifely talent displayed itself almost unbidden: "I feel all my ancestral mothers patting me on the head and saying, 'Now, Winifred, you are doing something useful in the world—at last you amount to something.'"

The easel stood untouched for days together; and the sunrise dreams of how a picture might look chased themselves away as she blithely ministered to her flock. But, in moments of quiet, when the children slept, or as they picnicked together in the deep woods where the teasing sunbeams called for her brush to hold them in lasting beauty, she had the old craving for self-expression. Her husband never ceased to bewail the sacrifice, and viewed with jealous eye the professional success of women much her inferiors, unable to help feeling that something was wrong, if her rare insight and lovely interpretation were to be wholly lost. "By and by," was her watchword, "by and by when the chicks are grown." He offered her a "Sabbatical year" in which she should have the studio and he the suburban home and its cares; but her merry refusal to subject the children's digestion to his brilliant but erratic cooking, and their health and teaching to his well-meaning but clumsy direction, was clearly wise. "If we were rich and could afford good servants and the best possible caretakers for the children, and I could thus

have peace of mind for a good day's work, it would do to keep on painting, to try to be both a constantly growing artist and a serviceable house-mother. But you know that for me to depend upon selling pictures enough to pay for the horribly regular demand for wages for such helpers would be a fatal gamble in futures. Besides," the mother said, with shining eyes, "just here and now the things I do keep me close to the babies, and it is not clear that anything is better worth doing than that." So, to the tune of "By and by when the chicks grow up," she answers the beckoning of breeze and sky and brook and tree and vows to keep tryst with them when she has leisure to "tell again the tale" they tell to her. In her heart, however, she knows that she will always record some loss on the art-side for this long interim of practical work.

These tales hint the difference between the approach of men and women to vocational work. A man, as a rule, fulfils his father-office best by choosing wisely one vocation, and holding to it, perfecting himself in it and taking all the opportunities it offers for advancement, and constantly confining to it his faithful effort. The average woman, in ordinary circumstances, fulfils her mother-office best by choosing to make her personal vocation secondary to the duties of home-making and motherhood. Two firsts there cannot be; two devotions occupying the same supreme position at the same moment. And the conscientious mother, of whom there are many more than are numbered among the careless, never fails to put the home comfort and the children's welfare first. Miss Tarbell's arraignment of the "uneasy woman" who sacrifices others to herself is far better suited to the artificial atmosphere of the city, in which the pleasure-loving of every other locality in the United States come to spend their money and make a show, than it is to the average life in America, in which the rarest of exceptions is the woman who serves herself first and best at the table of life's opportunities. The spinster of to-day, educated and successful in vocational choice and work, is following after men in new fields of individual achievement and playing her part well. The wife and mother of to-day, educated and equally successful before marriage in vocational choice and work, is doing something far more

significant, if less picturesque. She is blazing a new way of life-adjustment. She is experiencing far more than she understands; is experimenting with far greater success than clearness of interpretation; is feeling her way to the future double "sphere" of womanhood, led by a sure instinct of love and duty. Her heroism of pioneer adventure in a new way of social service will be appreciated only after the "woman movement" becomes past history.

The approach of man to vocational effort is single. Into the life of every woman who attains full experience of the possibilities of her nature there comes a vocational divide. On one side is the road leading to uninterrupted advance in her chosen career or accepted work; on the other side is the road leading to the hearth fire which most often she must tend if it is to be kept bright; and to the voices of children clamoring for admission to the gates of life she alone can open. At the upmost reach of choice on that vocational divide, she must balance the claims for self-expression on the one side, for family service on the other. Physical motherhood itself, among healthy women who live wisely, presents small obstacles to continuous vocational work. As a distinguished sociologist, a man, has said: "These experiences need cause no more interruption than the occasional illnesses or need for occasional rest on the part of men." Most women of to-day are not invalids, and child-bearing is a natural process; and the present attention to the muscular development of girls and the checking of tendencies that make for "nerves" will, and do now, insure for the average woman a safe and comparatively easy maternity. The pathological conditions of much manual work that still give women disease and prevent healthy motherhood do, indeed, present social problems. But it is not physical motherhood that makes it difficult for the teacher or other professional woman, or the woman in the counting-room or secretary's position, to keep on with her chosen work after marriage and maternity. Several reasonable "leaves of absence" would adjust that matter. What constitutes the difficulty is not getting the children here, but taking care of them properly after they are born. Neither are the most serious problems of adjustment, in this country at least, those that con-

cern the willingness of the husband to have his wife retain the freedom and joy of her own self-expression and its convenient reward in cash. The American husband, at any rate in educated circles, is usually more than willing that the wife should adjust her life to life's demands according to her own choice, as he claims the right to do for himself. The difficulty inheres in the fact that neither parent can choose honorably any way of life that does not place first the economic and the social and the spiritual well-being of the family as a whole, especially as that concerns the offspring. In present conditions, and in those of any future in sight, and in the case of the average family, the economic and professional advance of the husband and father is the chief consideration; and the economic and professional advance of the mother secondary to the personal care of the home and children.

There are but two sets of conditions in which the wife and mother can pursue her own career as uninterruptedly and as independently as can the husband and father. These are, first, the condition in which the man has a large fortune or a large and secure income. In that case, he can rightfully supply, and she rightfully accept, the substitute care of foster-mothers within a home which conscientious attention keeps to right standards. She can thus be free to sing her songs, paint her pictures, teach her lessons, write her books, organize her social service, or minister to the needs of the world. Such instances are becoming more and more common; they show alike the growing sense of justice in men that can recognize values in women's work, and the growing administrative power of women that enables them to manage others' work instead of doing everything for themselves. Whether this arrangement leads always to the finest permanent relationship between parents and children is another question. It sometimes does, and sometimes does not; and the reasons for the differences do not now fully appear. The other set of circumstances that leave the wife and mother as free as the unmarried woman to pursue a career is that in which her genius is so strong, and so in the line of public demand, that she can and does receive large compensation for her work. A prima donna, with a voice that is liquid gold to be coined into

great fortunes, can be a prolific mother and manage a big and comfortable household, easily securing so many "assistant mothers" for her household that no one questions her right to sing her way into the hearts of the whole world.

There is another condition of family life, not so uncommon as one could wish, in which unusual burdens of care for others than the husband and wife and children necessitate the continuance of paid work by the wife and mother and a constant and difficult adjustment of seemingly contrary claims upon her strength, in order that the united income may meet the claims of filial duty or other relationship of birth. There are also the conditions, now not so rare as to be negligible, in which the wife earns easily a larger income than the husband can earn and in which economic security and advance for the family itself make it right and wise for the vocational choices to revolve about her work rather than about his own, for a part of the time at least. In these cases, however, the man suffers at present from the gross injustice of inherited standards, developed at a time when women could not earn at all, and he is falsely supposed to be a "no account person"; when, if he had an earning capacity of exactly the same restricted order, and had for a wife a woman who could only "keep house," they might live far below their present standards, and he be considered worthy of honor! The fact is that the adjustment of the family life to "Two heads in council, two in the tangled business of the world" has proceeded but a little way toward full and satisfactory issue. The process of adjustment is not at present easier for the conscientious man than for the woman who desires to do her full duty. The man of to-day has a feeling, born in him from a past in which "husband and wife were one, and that one the man," that he is not doing his full duty as a husband unless he can make his own income provide as much comfort and happiness as each enjoyed when he and his wife were both earning. The world, composed mostly of people who are conscious only of inherited prejudices and ideals, ranks him as a failure, or at least as deficient in manliness, if his wife "has to work." She is conscious that in carrying on a chosen career after marriage she may often place her husband in a false position. And, more than all, there

must be choices made when the decision as to which of the two shall keep on in an advantageous position and which shall give way for the other's career must be settled.

The new and finer quality of married love which the new freedom and personal development of women have given, the higher and sweeter comradeship in the larger world of affairs and ideals which husbands and wives now enjoy, enable the moral and intellectual élite among them to settle these problems as they arise with mutual satisfaction. It is not easy, however, for even the moral and intellectual élite to live in the way possible to the majority of men and women only in some future age, and to be wholly at ease in the presence of the common misapprehensions of their motives and their ways of life. All honor then to the men as well as to the women who live in the present what others may attempt in the future.

Some of us are sure, however, that the solution of difficulties involved in the vocational divide in the modern woman's life does not lie along the line of such development of supreme specialization in all women's work as Mrs. Perkins Gilman and her school advocate. All such theories presuppose that because with a race of healthy women motherhood would be but an incident of not serious physical experience, and because modern industry has taken from the home a large share of the work that handicraft once made its economic concern, therefore home-making and motherhood are so lessened in their demands upon women's time and strength as to present in themselves small obstacles to the continuous pursuit of vocational work by married women with young children. There has been no such diminution of the burden resting upon the wife and mother as that idea indicates; and there is no future in sight when such radical and universal lessening of that burden appears either economically practical or socially useful.

The fact is that the same process which has carried out of the home and specialized in the shop and factory the spinning and weaving and most of the domestic industries of the older time has changed the centre of gravity in the approach of women to family duty, but has not appreciably lessened its demand on time and strength. The private well gives place to the

public reservoir; but eternal vigilance is still the price of good water. All the sanitary conditions of the household are now at the mercy of the public intelligence and public conscience and each household must contribute a perceptible quota to that common stock. The place of work for the girl-child and young woman has changed indeed from the home to the shop, the factory and the counting room, but that very fact necessitates a care and a knowledge on the part of her natural guardians which the old inherently protective work did not. The school has left the hearthstone and set up its own institution as an arm of the Government; but that means that every careful and intelligent mother must learn more and not less about education; and not only about education in general to fit her to vote for members of the school committee, but more about education as applied to Johnnie and Katie and Susie and James, if she is really to do her duty by them. The world is no longer fenced away from the home by the isolation of the separate household, but has free approach, with all its standards and its incitements, to childhood and youth, as never before. That means, not that parenthood is a less onerous, but that it has become a more difficult, function. The inference from the facts of modern life which seem to indicate that individual parenthood is no longer an exacting and an exhausting functional service, but rather a small share of the public duty of social control of that functional service, is fallacious. The facts that indicate the socialization of the home do indeed create a demand for women to participate actively, and with full power of citizenship, in that social control of the home. It is an anachronism most stupid and socially retarding that, in an age in which the Government has actual direction of the conditions of home life and of education and all the social services which have been women's share of action and responsibility since society began, women are held back from the full citizenship which can alone restore to them their ancient and honorable and well-used prerogatives.

All that can be said by the most radical thinkers concerning the justice and expediency of the movement for full freedom and equal citizenship for women cannot emphasize too strongly the truth—that the inconsistency of woman's present disenfranchised

position in the United States is a moral dislocation, in thought and involves a serious retardation in the growth and application of democratic ideals. The "rights" of women should have been attended to as completely as the rights of men in the eighteenth century, when the just basis of government was up for world discussion. As it is, this belated task should be got out of the way of human progress at once so that we can give full attention to duties, with rights taken for granted. This fact does not prove, however, as many seem to think, that the vocational specialization which has been an accompaniment of the development of democracy is a necessary part of it, for all men or all women alike. We are suffering in our thinking in many ways from the juxtaposition of the vast changes in modern industry induced by the invention of power-driven machinery, and the political evolution which has established the rights of the common man, and is establishing the rights of the common woman. They are not the same movement; and the arguments demanded by one are not necessarily suited to the other. Miss Tarbell's strange confounding of the "Business of Being a Woman" with the business of being a house-mother is but one of the many instances of the confusion of thought which two tremendous changes, happening together, have caused. The business of being a woman is precisely like the business of being a man; namely, the development of the highest and finest and noblest personality possible with the "raw material" of evolution handed to one at birth and in the circumstances in which one finds one's self. The business of being a house-mother is quite another thing. That is a functional service which makes single-eyed vocational choice and pursuit impossible to the average woman, in the sense that such a single devotion is possible to the average man; and this for the most obvious of reasons, namely, that the wife and mother (or some competent substitute under her constant control and guidance) must live so much more closely to the developing life of childhood than can the average husband and father that the obligations of family life for a considerable period of her life must be her first consideration.

The choices of life now take a more serious hold upon the

enlightened woman's life than in more primitive times. When there was nothing for women to do but marry for the means of subsistence, the demand was only to get the "best provider" one could secure or one's parents could choose. Now it is for the woman herself to decide whether she loves the man more than her "pay envelope." In the past, the major part of the discipline, the ordered and useful activity, the real education of the children, was carried on in and through the family industries. Now it is a difficult problem to prepare the child for his or her rightful place in the world of work. Then the school was but a slight addition to the forces which were training the child for useful and efficient and moral life. Now the school is burdened more and more with the application of social standards to the life of the individual, and its quality and efficiency are vital to human development as never before.

The functional services of home-making and motherhood have therefore not lessened, but increased, in their cost to women's time and strength during the years when the children are in minority. They demand a deeper experience because they are the result of more conscious choices; and experience costs sometimes more than mechanical activity in strength and constitutional vigor. A closer and closer contact with, a finer and finer appreciation of, child nature is demanded by the new applications of the democratic ideal to the government of the family; and close contact with a nature for the development of which one is vitally responsible costs in time and effort. The outer influences which contend with parental control, and often submerge it, demand a general knowledge of social conditions which in itself militates against the entire specialization of vocational work. All this nullifies the notion that, now that industry has gone out of the home to so great an extent, the house-mother has an easy job, and can go on with her own business outside the home, with only slight interruptions.

It is said, "Of course she can't now; but when we get all women rightly placed in specialties, and there are enough 'substitutes' and 'assistant' mothers to go around, and they are all well trained and morally dependable, each woman, like each man, will be able to find the home a place of rest and not of

work, and there will be no vital difference in vocational experience between men and women." The answer to this is both economic and social; it deals with both the mechanism of living and the sources of life itself.

In the first place, the economic value of the healthy, competent, expert house-mother has never yet been properly estimated. "Woman's work" has been despised and, therefore, its value unknown because, and only because, women for long ages have themselves been considered inferior to men and held in law and custom as perpetual minors. Just as the position of disadvantage which Afric-Americans hold in the United States is due, not to the color of their skin, but to the fact that they were once held as slaves, with a Supreme Court decision that they "had no rights which a white man was bound to respect," scourging them like a whip, so the real cause of the disrespect shown toward the house-mother's tasks is due to the fact that the house-mother herself has but just emerged to the position of independent personality. All the fine talk about the "sacredness of motherhood" and the "inestimable value of the woman in the home" has but added hypocrisy or *unthinking* compliment to injustice, so long as men were ashamed to be caught tending their own baby, or washing dishes or clothes they had themselves soiled, because such things were "women's work."

An article by an able writer in the *New York Times* alludes to the fact that it is only as a daring figure of speech that a man cook is sometimes called an "artist"; since "men cooks, however well paid or useful, have always been considered the social inferiors, not only of those whose appetites they gratified, but also of every tradesman and artisan not engaged in the rendering of distinctively personal services." This writer continues: "It is not that men cannot cook well or cannot make clothes well or are not good domestic servants of every kind; it is only that these are not 'manly' occupations and instinct insists that there is something small, something low or mean in the man who does not make successful efforts to get out of them." It has taken extraordinary social demands to lift even nursing out of this position of disrespect. The lever of patriotic service to soldiers defending national honor alone gave Florence Nightin-

gale power to make over this art of personal service into a profession. And it has taken all the power of religious devotion in philanthropy, and the demands of the medical profession for intelligent lieutenants in their important work, to keep it in honor. It is not alone or chiefly that woman's work has been so general in character as to be really amateur that it has failed to secure respect and that there has been "no money into it"; for the majority of house-mothers, in most enlightened lands, have done their work in the home so well that they have doubled the purchasing power of their husbands' earnings and made a unique contribution to the well-being of those they served. The real reason for the lack of appreciation is that men, as they have stepped ahead of women in industrial organization, have been able to choose what they liked best as their share of labor and have left the rest to women; and have called it an "instinct" that made what they did not like to do "women's work." Not only that, but the personal service of individual lives is in itself not enticing; it is often hard and unpleasant. It is only glorified by affection and the need to give the loved one the best one has. Men, having first and most fully attained the position where one can serve the loved one in a chosen single task, instead of by a congeries of general services, have never learned the value of those services. A poet says of a woman: "The charm of her presence was felt when she went." The economic value of the competent housewife is felt only when she dies, and the cost of her hired substitutes shows the manual worker with young children that he "must marry again" because he "can't afford to do without a wife."

A finer and more just appreciation of the value of personal services in the household is being developed. It is now being hammered into the average consciousness by the domestic servant problem. This problem is, in the last analysis, the result of the determination of all women who have had the democratic public school for teacher not to engage in "low and mean personal service" if they can make "successful efforts" in some other form of self-support. We shall use up relays of foreigners of manifold races and hues in the effort to stem the tide of democracy, as, like Mrs. Partington with her broom, we

take stand at the kitchen door and declare "thus far and no further." But we shall all at last, or our children's children, have to face the fact that no work considered "low or mean" can have the permanent service of free women, any more than of free men, for *money*. Love alone will buy it.

Meanwhile the house-mother and her sympathetic spouse of the refined, cultured and conscientious class of small income (a most imposingly large class in the United States) are in the very trough of the wave in respect to the economic problems involved in the house-mother's duty to her family. The cost of getting a "trained nurse" for the children is prohibitive for any but the rich. A "nursery governess" is a luxury outside of dreams. The "working housekeeper" is a fiction, for the most part confined to solutions of the domestic problem found in books of writers who have no invalids or young children in the family. The competent "general housemaid" is rare, and when found cherished as a jewel beyond price; often beyond the price the rejoicing family can afford to pay! The fatal facility of early marriage which wins from the housewife all the "good girls" she successively trains, and the more sure fatality that makes the kitchen of the competent woman of small means the training-school for the kitchens of her neighbors who can offer higher wages—all these things combine to make the responsibility of family life, even for the minority who can afford some domestic service, a serious matter. Below this economic line, at the plane of living where no "hired help" can be had except in direst emergency, there is a point in the standard of living where no substitute of any kind has been found, even on the basis of economic well-being, for the all-round service of the house-mother. In a careful study of many families occupying a plane of living just above the want line, the plane where self-support and some slight saving are possible with hard and constant struggle, it has been found that the difference between poverty below the demands of health and work efficiency, and poverty above that line, depended chiefly upon two factors; namely, the faithfulness and good character of the father, and the competency and thrift and good temper of the mother. That vaguely stated economic factor, the "efficiency of the wife and mother," covers

a vast area of service to health, and to work power, and to economic security and advance, a service that knows no "hour law" or "minimum wage." If, in such a laborer's family, you undertake to make good that woman's contribution during even a short illness, you leave a deficit in comfort and in purse that halts the economic progress of the family for a long period. This is not solely a proof of the actual work-power of the woman. She could not perhaps earn elsewhere what she saves and makes good at home. It is proof still more of the family benefit of having family concerns of personal service in the hands of the one most eager to have it done well, and nearest in sympathy to the individuals served.

Still further down in the social as well as economic scale, we come to the plane of living where the house-mother does outside work to piece out the low wage of the father, and where for the children there is the dire choice of early entrance into wage-earning or inadequate food and clothing supply; and here you reach a deeper problem. The wage-earning of married women with young children, under present conditions, gives such families less stability, less comfort, less moral protection, and less home feeling, than those families of very small income in which the father earns just enough to pay for the household expenses and the mother gives herself to the family work. Moreover, the husband and father in such cases is more easily tempted to shirk his family duties. Among a large section of the colored population, in places where race prejudice makes it hard for men to get work, the wives and mothers often support the entire family by laundry work or other personal service, and the man grows flabby in character and lazy in habit because it is easy for him thus to depend upon his wife. It must not be forgotten by any student of domestic problems that the father settled down to steady work for the family long after the mother had been drilled in self-sacrifice for the child. If the type of man is still far down in the scale of being, it is a dangerous thing to release him from obligation for the family support. If, on the other hand, we jump across the social field to the most privileged classes, we find difficulties there. Not the superficial ones that inhere in the complaint of the languid and self-indulgent lady that

"there are no longer any good servants" or those who "really know their place," but those that harass the conscientious mother in the administration of a large household in which the servants know what used to be held as "their place" too well. If there is anything worse for a young child, morally and physically, than to have a set of grown people around hired to wait upon him, studying how to please him in order to be retained as his servitors, the social condition has not yet revealed it.

All these difficulties, from those of the slums of the tenements to the palaces of the rich, are supposed by many modern writers to wait for solution only until we get the coöperative kitchen and the "hour service" for domestic work and for nursing; the glorified day-nursery and the omnipresent kindergarten, the enlarged public school, and the supervised play-centre; the "Summer Camp" and the "Winter Story Hour in the Library," well established. Then all will go well, and the woman go to her work in the morning and stay as long as it demands, and come home to the refreshment of a house well kept and children glad to see her as a welcome change (and not using her as now as their born slave), and all will "live happy forever after." It is indeed claimed by these solvers of the difficulties involved in the vocational divide in the modern woman's life that mothers of young children should be supplied with half-time work, under easy conditions, and yet secure an equal chance in the labor world. Until we get further away from the strikes and labor difficulties which are one obvious result of trying to get for women a shorter day than is secured by law for men, we cannot have high hopes of speedy arrangements that would make women, in the lower forms of manual labor at least, able to hold their own as specialized workers, and yet be under the peculiar protection of the State as mothers.

This all brings us to the consideration of those deeper social interests involved in the house-mother's relations to specialized industry. Those who have studied the dark problems of prostitution and inefficiency and undevelopment are agreeing that all girls should be secured either in the possession of sufficient means of support or in the power and opportunity of self-support. Most radical social students agree that married women,

even with young children, who can, by means of their husband's, or their own, or the combined family income, guarantee to society expert and suitable care for and nurture of the children, may elect their own way of life by mutual consent of the parents involved and with the parental obligation always in sight. Many are sure that some compromise position, between extremes now advocated on either side, will be reached, by which the specialized work-power of all the women of education and talent and social leadership will be conserved in ways not common now, ways that will make the years of women's lives after the children are grown the best of their lives for independent effort. The problem that is now before us—usually neither solved nor frankly admitted—is that sharp divide, that inevitable choice, which comes to the woman who is responsible, as none but herself can be, for the little ones who make personal appeal to her as to no one else for close and tender care. The solution of "no children" or "one child only" is no solution at all. Justifiable as such a choice of life may be in many cases, a sacred duty as it may be in others where taint of blood or constitutional weakness or peculiar difficulties of family adjustment make their demand, the normal family of several children for the normal parents in usual condition is the crux of the problem. Here we must pass beyond the mechanical arrangements of income and labor conditions into the realm of spiritual and social life.

The tremendous importance of the family as an agent in the development of human personality is much talked of but rarely perceived in its true values. That mysterious process which gathers universal elements of being into a creature that can be called "I" or "You," which can be nurtured, educated, individualized, into a conscious, purposive being, able to react upon the environment which has shaped it, and thus to create an ever-renewed and progressive environment—how difficult a process this has been! Think of the cosmic cost of will, of unselfish affection, of articulate aspiration! Think how the germinal human being passes rapidly through many of the age-long processes that have thus created human personality; and how many times Mother Nature makes a slip and the human creature re-

mains an "unfinished infant" all its life. And when the baby is well born and fairly started upon the way of life, how difficult it is for it to keep its footing on this slippery ball of earth and really become "somebody." This achievement of the ages does not work automatically. Feeble-mindedness, physical weakness and degeneracy, moral incapacity in manifold forms witness that the cosmic struggle to make human beings out of the travail of elemental forces is not completed *for* humanity but *by* humanity.

Up to date, the family has proved the best and most effective agency for the development of personality. It has so far furnished a breakwater, most vital and helpful, against the non-social forces that work against human progress. So far, that breakwater has consisted in large part of exclusive affection, selective and partial love, reserve of intimacy, and a preëminent devotion to the nearest beloved. The attempt to bring up children outside of home life, even a small class for a definite end, as in Sparta, has resulted in a few better soldiers or more expert workers, but not usually, if at all, in a finer personality. The methods of child-care in institutions, even good ones, generally dull originality and the power of the will, even if effective for special purposes of conformity to life's demands. The care of babies left without mothers is now seen to demand the personal care of a foster-mother for the best results. Babies persistently adhere to the illogical position that "science" alone is not enough, but that "cuddling" and personal pride must be a portion of their "modified" daily food. The child seems to need, as a buffer against the indifference of the world at large, a certainty that he is an essential element in the social order; and such a certainty has, so far, not been given save through the parental partiality of affection. Moreover, so far in human development, this function of the family in the protection and development of personality as it struggles toward expression in the young child has demanded that some one in the family shall have and shall express a type of individuality which is not primarily concerned with, or showing itself through, specialized forms of vocational work; but is rather devoted supremely (at least for the time being) to the family unity and to the varying wants of members

of the family group. If children are to gather themselves together "out of the everywhere," it seems necessary that some one should be close at hand, when wanted, to help in the process. It has not so far worked well to have long "hours" or seasons when the child cannot get at anybody to whom it *knows it belongs*. So far, in the organization of the family, the mother has been the person readily at hand when the child's needs, physical or spiritual, have demanded the steadying influence of a companionship on which it felt a rightful claim. This has been thought to be a natural arrangement, because the child is closer to the mother physically than to anyone else in the Universe.

There is a deeper reason, however, underlying that physical relationship which determines the social value of the function of the average mother in this development of the child's personality through constant companionship. Speaking generally, the feminine side of humanity is in the "middle of the road" of life. Biologically, psychologically and sociologically, women are in the central, normal, constructive part of the evolutionary process. On the one side and on the other, men exhibit more geniuses and more feeble-minded, more talented experts and more incompetents who cannot earn a living; more idealistic masters of thought and action and more "cranks" and ne'er-do-weels who shame their mothers. It is because to woman is committed in a peculiar sense this function of bringing to consciousness from the "raw material of evolution," through personal nurture and individual care, this personality of the child, that women are and have always been, and must, it would seem, always be, the practical and teaching half of the race.

In the development of individuality, it seems clear that the most essential thing is that the conserving weight of the middle virtues and the mean of powers should be nearest the child and most constantly at his service. It is later, in the more formal educational processes, that the highly specialized "variations" which men exhibit (and which tend directly toward human progress along particular lines on the one side, and toward human degeneracy on the other side) have their functional use as example or as warning. It would seem, therefore, that no economic re-

adjustment of society in accordance with modern specialization of effort can make it possible for the average mother of several young children to pursue a specialty of work with the same uninterrupted effort that the average man can do. That all women should be educated for self-support at a living wage is a social necessity; that women should be made as valuable now and in the future as they have been in the past as distinct economic factors is unquestionable; that women must reshape many of their activities to suit the general scheme of industry which has created the factory is certain; that women should, for their own best good and for the ends of social progress, keep their hands on some specialty of work, if only in selective interest, through the years when they cannot follow it as the first obligation is clear; that women should hold in mind steadily reëntrance into their chosen vocation when the children are grown, in order that life may mean for them continual flowering of the stalk as well as the past season's scattered blossoms—this is coming to be perceived as the wise plan for all women who would achieve for themselves, as well as help others to achieve, full personality.

This does not imply, however, that the physical exigencies and the spiritual demands of family life can ever be reduced to such a perfect factory system as to place the fathers and mothers of young children on the same plane of competitive manual and professional labor. The development of personality is the main business in life, our own personality and that of our offspring; to enrich the world with a unique contribution, made of the universal elements, but shaped to some rare beauty all its own. The old familiar faith, "God couldn't be everywhere—so he made mothers," has its modern scientific translation. The purpose of cosmic effort toward that "one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves" cannot achieve its personal work without persons. Personality is not the power to do any specific thing well, although vocational effectiveness is an expression of personality; nor is it a capacity to excel all previous achievements of the human race in some one line of thought or action, although great persons may also be great geniuses. Personality is above all the quality of unity, some individual

wholeness that prevents the human creature from wholly losing himself in the whirl of things. To develop this, even in common measure, in the average life, it seems to be necessary that at the point when the child is first making effort to become a person there shall be some quiet brooding, some leisurely companionship of the beloved, a rich and generous sharing of some larger life always near when needed; some life not so much absorbed in its own individual growth as to leave it unaware of the stirrings of another toward more conscious being. For this reason, most of all, the individualization of women within the family may be often rightfully subordinate, so far as vocational achievement is concerned, to the development of that kind of personality which is effective through its breadth and its normal balance of powers, rather than by reason of its technical achievement.

THE CASE AGAINST PANAMA CANAL TOLLS

GENERAL H. M. CHITTENDEN

IF any railroad company or other business corporation should discover that a certain policy which it was pursuing was seriously curtailing its revenues, it would alter that policy unless there were controlling reasons why it could not do so. Now it is a fact, as capable of demonstration as any fact in mathematics, that the levying of tolls upon our coastwise trade through the Panama Canal will produce this very effect so far as the people of the United States are concerned. It will cost more than it will come to. It will be worse than the folly of taking from one pocket to put into another. It will strike at the very root of utility of the great work itself.

Why do the public not see this? Precisely because the vast majority are victims of what a great philosopher has called "the illusion of the near." We are influenced, controlled, led by what is near at hand, by what we can actually see or hear or feel. We are too indifferent or too deficient in insight to reason upon things which lie beyond our immediate vision. We see revenue pouring in in dollars and cents enough to pay expenses and yield a substantial surplus. That is a definite, tangible fact—and a satisfying one. Why look further? Why inquire whether the policy pursued is doing all the good it should do, or possibly doing more harm than good? A bird in the hand, etc.

Now with private enterprise, conducted according to the accepted standards of business ethics, this is sound argument. A net revenue sufficient to pay substantial dividends is pretty good evidence that a business is doing what was expected of it. Collateral relations are immaterial to the case. If indirect benefits flow to outsiders, they do not enter the calculation. If injury is being done, it most likely falls on competitors and may even be an apparent source of gain. This is accepted as good doctrine in private business; but it is a capital error, though one constantly committed, to apply this doctrine to public enterprise. The two are fundamentally different. Collateral or

indirect results, which in private business cannot ordinarily be taken account of at all, may be and often are more important in public enterprises than the direct results. This failure to discriminate between the two cases is the greatest handicap from which public work suffers to-day. It is one thing to say that a railroad company, if it is to succeed, must have a direct revenue in excess of all expenditures; it is a very different thing—in fact a wholly erroneous principle—to apply any such rule to a great public work like the Panama Canal.

Yet this is precisely the argument which now seems to prevail in Congress; and, what is more remarkable, finds its inspiration in the Canal Zone itself. “Make the canal support itself and ultimately pay off its cost.” Well and good so far. But—“Do this by means of tolls upon commerce passing through the canal.” Absolutely fallacious, and, in greater or less degree according to the amount of the toll, destructive of the very ends for which the canal is being built. This remark is here applied specifically to the coastwise trade of the United States. The application of the principle to foreign commerce will be considered further on.

We said that this proposition as applied to Panama was as capable of demonstration as any principle in mathematics. This is true, even without taking account of certain indirect benefits which are themselves sufficient to justify the canal project, but which can never be made a definite source of revenue. Let us, however, refer to them in passing.

It is estimated by the Secretary of War that the effect of the canal in increasing the value of the navy as defender of two coasts is nearly equivalent to an equal expenditure on the navy itself if there were no canal. This may be a high estimate, but its value in this respect is certainly equivalent to an outlay on the navy of not less than \$200,000,000.

But the supreme and far-reaching influence of the canal will be upon the development of the country. There is no dissenting voice to the proposition that its beneficial influence will be felt in all sections, though of course more directly on the Pacific slope than elsewhere. A great barrier to the free movement of the world's commerce will have been removed. The

rivers and canals of the east and the railroads leading in from the coasts will coöperate with the great water route to bring all sections of our broad land closer together, and closer to our sister nations. Commodities which now find only limited markets, because of the handicap of high freight rates, will come into greater use. Immigration will pour into the Pacific States—that kind of immigration that is wanted—and the development of the whole country will be accelerated. No one can doubt this. We cannot measure the magnitude of this movement in definite figures, but it will be the most important result of all growing out of the construction of the canal.

If the late Mr. Harriman had built the canal (as it is said that he intended to do if the Government did not) and had financed it in the usual way, he could not, of course, have given much weight to these indirect benefits. They would have been of no use in paying dividends. He could have looked no further than the ships actually passing through the canal, and upon every one of these, regardless of nationality or character of commerce, he would have levied tribute. But how different is the situation with the Government! Is it not altogether probable that, if it were never to collect a cent of revenue from the commerce passing through the canal, the indirect benefits resulting from that work would still justify the immense cost? In any event, is it not a logical absurdity to maintain that the only way in which the Government can be recouped for this outlay is by laying tolls upon commerce passing through the canal?

However, let us leave these matters out of consideration and take only the actual commerce passing through the canal, and let us consider the problem of making this commerce pay the cost and maintenance of that work. We purpose to demonstrate that the true solution of this problem lies in making the canal absolutely toll-free, so far as our coastwise trade is concerned; and to this end we shall consider first the toll itself, and secondly its effect in restricting the volume of traffic through the canal.

There are two ways in which the cost of the canal can be met—one from the general treasury, and the other, in part, at least, by tolls. In either case the burden falls ultimately upon

the consumer of the luxuries or necessities of life. In the one case a large percentage comes from luxuries pure and simple (as distinguished from necessities); in the other it comes almost entirely from necessities—coal, lumber, grain, fruit, building material, and the manifold commodities whose price will be affected by the tribute exacted at Panama. There is no escape from this fact. The canal cost must in any event be paid by indirect taxation and the fact that in one case it finds direct expression in the form of tolls collected does not alter the truth. Do not be victimized by the “illusion of the near.” Do not imagine for a moment that by paying the cost of the canal from tolls collected you are lifting so much as one cent of the burden from the shoulders of the people. On the other hand, the most superficial analysis will show that a toll will impose that burden where it can least easily be borne. At the very best it is no better than taking from one pocket to put into another.

Consider now the effect of tolls upon the utility of the canal itself. In its commercial relations, the purpose of the canal is to remove a great barrier to the movement of the world's trade. Manifestly, the maximum value of the canal will come from the widest possible actual use made of it. Anything which restricts that use will limit the value of the work itself. Now the direct effect of a toll is to restrict such use. It is perfectly conceivable that the toll might be so high as to form a barrier as effective as Culebra Hill itself. On the other hand, it is certain that with no toll the actual tonnage of traffic (or the true usefulness of the canal) will be at a maximum. Where between those two extremes the utility of the canal shall fall will depend upon the rate of toll imposed. The fact that the toll may be small does not alter the principle. A dollar a ton will keep millions of tons annually away from the canal and either prevent its transport altogether or throw it back on the railroads. In either case, the public will suffer a direct loss. The canal is a conservator of energy. It enables results to be accomplished at less cost than without it. It is really a productive agent of immense force. *Whatever* restricts its use increases the cost of production and imposes a corresponding burden upon the people.

This same consideration is the foundation of the free public highway system in most civilized countries. The highway toll has given way to the logic of facts. Whatever is saved in public taxation through tolls on such traffic is more than lost in increased prices and restrictions of use. If it were possible to deduce from current experience any general rule of practice, it would seem to be that routes of traffic—whether purely artificial, like highways and canals, or partly artificial, like improved natural channels—are generally held free to public use where the user owns and operates the means of locomotion; but are generally subject to a toll where the public owns and operates the plant, as in the case of public ferries or railroads. But there is, of course, no absolute rule. The one thing that experience has demonstrated beyond peradventure is that a tribute laid on the use of the highway itself, whether land or water, costs more than it comes to.

It is scarcely necessary to add that it is this principle which underlies the policy of absolute freedom of traffic on all the river and harbor works of the United States. That policy, which is the growth of long experience, was formulated into legislation in the Act of Congress of July 5, 1884, as follows: "No tolls or operating charges whatsoever shall be levied or collected upon any vessel or vessels, dredges, or other passing water-craft through any canal or other work for the improvement of navigation belonging to the United States." This enactment was not paternalism. It did not originate from any desire to dole out charity to the people. It was based upon the practical consideration that all money gained in tolls would be lost somewhere else, and that much more would be lost through inevitable restriction upon the use of such works. The policy has proved as beneficent as it is wise. Take, for example, the great Sault Canal—greatest of all canals in the volume of commerce carried. The traffic which passes that canal enters the economic life of every citizen of the Republic. To impose tolls upon it would yield a direct revenue to the Government, it is true, but it would take far more from the people. Such a policy would result in loss, not gain.

We may now re-state our two fundamental propositions on

this Panama toll question: First, that tolls will not relieve the people of the burden of paying for the canal, but will place that burden where it can be least easily borne; second, that tolls will restrict the use actually made of the canal and will thus deprive the public of a portion of the legitimate fruitage of their sacrifice. In both cases the public will get the worst of it. So far as our coastwise trade is concerned, we should treat the Panama Canal exactly as we do the Sault Canal. There is absolutely no difference in principle.

Pacific Coast sentiment, in close touch with which this article has been prepared, is a unit that our coastwise trade be given free passage through the canal. To the people of this coast the canal holds out a hope which it would be difficult to overestimate. It means to a large degree the abolition of the barriers of mountain and river and vast distances which separate them from the rest of the world, and a nearer approach to those sources of supply and of population upon which the development of their country for a generation to come must largely depend. To see the fruition of their hopes so close, only to be robbed of it by the erection of an artificial barrier in place of the natural one now almost removed, would be to spread a black cloud of disappointment and resentment over this entire region.

To the Atlantic Coast the question is of scarcely less importance. In its search for world markets the East will find nowhere else on the globe a better than on the Pacific Coast. For there is an empire-building people sprung from its own loins—a people who do more work that counts, who will buy more per capita and produce more to sell in return, than an equal number of any foreign nation. It is the market best of all worth saving, best worth fostering. Here surely is a public question in the settlement of which the East and West should stand shoulder to shoulder on common ground.

The railroads may be consistent in their opposition on the ground of self-defence, but they are certainly short-sighted, if not entirely mistaken. Taking the railroads of the country as a whole, it is a question if the increased revenue due to local haul to and from the coasts will not more than overbalance the loss to the interior haul across the country. Whether this is

so or not, the increased development of the country under the impetus of the canal, if left to its full and legitimate effects, will certainly more than make up any loss. The railroads should rise to a patriotic view of this question, laying aside their narrow traditional self-interest, and join hands with the rest of the country in securing to the people the utmost good of which the Panama Canal will be capable. It is no angry threat but simply a candid warning that a contrary policy will exasperate public sentiment, re-arouse suspicions of the past now happily somewhat allayed, lead to the renewal of anti-railroad legislation and hasten the day of Government ownership.

Let us now consider the question of foreign commerce. Do not the principles above laid down apply with equal force to that also? Unquestionably; but there is this countervailing fact, that foreign nations have borne no part of the cost of the canal and ought therefore, in common equity, to pay something for the privilege of using it. There is no difference of opinion as to the justice of a reasonable charge for this privilege. This fact, however, does not relieve traffic of the evil effects of the toll system, which will certainly restrict the use of the canal and thus diminish its value to the world at large. Is there any practical way to overcome this difficulty and at the same time compel the foreign user of the canal to bear his proper share of its cost?

The practice already followed by certain Governments of rebating tolls on the Suez Canal is one method that suggests itself and one which would accomplish the purpose if generally applied. But if not generally applied it would produce all the evil effects of a discriminating tariff and would be far from realizing ideal freedom in the use of the canal. Moreover, it would not relieve the canal authorities nor passing ships of the delay, annoyance and expense of toll collections.

It has been suggested as an effective solution of the problem that an international convention be entered into whereby the canal should be made free to the world's commerce, each nation paying the United States yearly from its own treasury a sum proportionate to the commerce passing the canal under its own flag, the charge to be based upon the actual cost of main-

tenance and operation and such a percentage of the cost of construction as would pay off the debt within a specified period. This would be a strict interpretation of the principle of free use of river and harbor works as applied in the United States.

The problem is one which may well engage the attention of the world's best minds. The great principle to be kept constantly in view is that *tolls mean restriction of use*, and that restriction of use means *less* than the highest result. Some way should be found for making Panama and Suez as free to the world's commerce as if nature herself had excavated the channels—as free as are the Straits of Gibraltar or Magellan.

PINERO

B. RUSSELL HERTS

NEAPOLITAN, although the most varied, is the least imaginative of ices; the drama, most complex of the arts, is also the most capable of exact evaluation. Scarcely any angle of attitude can be assumed which does not find its application in the theatre.

It depends entirely upon our individual fancy whether we relish the inspired pugnacity of Shaw; the idealistic harmonies of Hauptmann; the soft, sweet mysteries of the early plays of Maeterlinck or the perfervid power of his later ones; the Titanic rapture of Ibsen's poetic dramas or the vigorous soul-tossing and twisting and tormenting of his social works.

Something within us establishes inclinations, and our responses to art are fixed by them. There are still those who enjoy Pinero; they pretend to admire him: his creation of fine phrases; they talk of him as a sublime technician or struggle to regard him as the moulder of profound human destinies. This, they say, is Art; not propaganda, radicalism, problem presentation, or any other substitute for the naïve superficialities that delight them. Such folk like Sudermann. For this there is, of course, the excuse that these two writers are of our time. The *Zeitgeist* grips them and us, and their petty fumbblings with a pretended infinite tweak some temporarily responsive chord in our souls.

One cannot quarrel with the worshippers of the mediocre. After all, it is better that they should be given good examples of such theatric pabulum as they will swallow. But why not examine the flaws that are measurable by our common, accepted dramatic standards?

The lines of a Pinero play are clever. Well-wrought spokesmen are thrown before us who speak in "good, set terms." They are never at a loss for a word; their customary form of address is the epigram. Of course in the farces, to achieve an easy laugh, they halt; but with calculation and accuracy. Is wit, our wondrous heritage from the most serious immortals, merely this

forced product of trumped-up farce, or this equally forced comedic repartee? When Pinero is not clever he is dull. Once in a while, he is saved by the looming of a possible climax; then comes the conscious craftsmanship again, killing the chance of vigorous, sincere plain dealing.

As for the folk, a certain clamminess clings to even their liveliest moments. Shaw's Mrs. Warren defends her past; poor Mrs. Tanqueray reforms and is sorry for it. At the thought of her lost innocence she bursts into tears. When her stepdaughter discovers and identifies her she becomes ineffectually frantic. All this is photographic of a certain type of "society" puppet—a type that it is difficult to use for the creation of sustaining tragedy.

Mrs. Ebbsmith flashes into the range of the really interesting and is backed down to the Pinero level by the astounding introduction of the mechanical religious motive. Nero burned Rome to achieve a theatric excitant. Pinero merely kills the candor of a character.

With the help of the thoughtless and visionless Iris, Pinero has created his most perfect—and perfectly useless—play. Snatched from the drawing-room, Pinero people embody the most disgusting attributes of those with "advantages" in actual life. Each year gives us a new play, each with an advance in reality and distastefulness. Finally, in *Mid-Channel*, and *The Thunderbolt*, conventionality has become so even conventionally unattractive one wonders why such husbands and wives should ever have had the slightest desire to possess each other.

Of course the characters are "real." That is why they are not stirring. They conform to our conventional conceptions. They are so actual that they are commonplace, uncreative. Ibsen's people transcend the life-like. They are all personalities. In their veins courses a super-vital fluid. They are not obvious, but true. In Pinero we feel the actuality, and therefore the particularity, by instinct. That is why he does not influence us. That is true of every situation. He speaks before us, not to us. Each snatch from life must be judged by the individuality of its own conditions—and it is never exactly us he is picturing. Ibsen's lessons are special and yet dominantly universal. Their the-

atric conditions are non-essential. *A Doll's House* is a piece for every wife and every husband; *Little Eyolf* is a play for the mothers and fathers of the world. Before we are ready for judgment of a Pinero play we must recollect the country and caste which he casts. This intellectualizes our interest and we come to view his dramas, not to live them.

What does it matter that Pinero's latest plays are well-knit in the kind of construction we admire to-day? The early ones, even as far up as *Iris*, are weak even in this. *The Gay Lord Quex* is talked of as the perfect comedy, but is chiefly remarkable for its lack of significance and its weak, indistinctly drawn characters.

To ruin the idea of *Mid-Channel* by developing it in a plot that is not inevitable; by means of characters that are meaningless and uninspiring, and some of them, unnecessary; to distribute almost no dramatic material through two acts and then crowd the remaining part, seems scarcely less shameful than Mrs. Ebb-smith's Bible-snatching at the close of the best two acts Pinero ever wrote. But if one must have characters whose only concern in life is love-making, ideas, of course, must be tossed on the scrap-heap.

Pinero is the Franz Liszt of drama. His keen exposés of the commonplace are as definite as folk songs. However distorted, amplified, conventionalized, they remain believable demonstrations. We never doubt their correctness. But their truth—that is another matter. To be *true*, one must have an idea, a message, a *religion*. One cannot simply peck at experience.

Mr. Arnold Bennett talks of ours as another age of realism. But mere reality will never satisfy us. The exposition of actuality is not creative. Zola and his like do not blast the watch towers of the infinite and throw open to our gaze the verity behind them. This interpretative demonstration is what man craves; he demands drama that builds as well as exposes life. A sophisticated understanding of existence is simply a primitive intellectual necessity to the artist; beyond it lies a naïveté of soul that has kept all great creators forever childlike and wonder-smitten.

THE WISDOM OF POETRY

EZRA POUND

A BOOK which was causing some clatter about a year ago, and which has been mercifully forgotten, a book displaying considerable vigorous, inaccurate thought, fathomless ignorance, and no taste whatever, claimed, among other things less probable, that it presented the first "scientific and satisfactory definition of poetry." The definition ran as follows: "Poetry is the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by means of artistic trope, and the dignification of thought by analogically articulated imagery." The word "artistic" remains undefined and we have, therefore, one unknown thing defined in terms of another unknown thing of similar nature; a mode of definition neither "scientific" nor "satisfactory"—even though one should agree with the dogma of trope.

There follows this "more extended definition": "Poetry is the expression of imaginative thought by means only of the essentials to thought, conserving energy for thought perception—to which end all animate, inanimate and intangible things may assume the properties and attributes of tangible, living, thinking and speaking things, possessing the power of becoming what they seem, or of transfiguration into what they suggest."

This is applicable in part to the equations of analytics, *in toto* to painting, sculpture and certain other arts; for it is nonsense to consider words as the only "essentials to thought"; some people think in terms of objects themselves, some in pictures, diagrams, or in musical sounds, and perception by symbolic vision is swifter and more complex than that by ratiocination.

Throughout the volume our scientist shows himself incapable of distinguishing between poetry and a sort of florid rhetorical bombast, but the definitions quoted do not suffice to prove his ignorance of his subject. They betray rather his confused mode of thought and his nescience of the very nature of definition. I shall assume that any definition to be "scientific" or "satisfactory" should have at least four parts; it should define with regard to: purpose or function; to relation; to substance; to properties.

Poetry, as regards its function or purpose, has the common purpose of the arts, which purpose Dante most clearly indicates in the line where he speaks of:

“That melody which most doth draw
The soul unto itself.”

Borrowing a terminology from Spinoza, we might say: The function of an art is to free the intellect from the tyranny of the affects, or, leaning on terms, neither technical nor metaphysical: the function of an art is to strengthen the perceptive faculties and free them from encumbrance, such encumbrances, for instance, as set moods, set ideas, conventions; from the results of experience which is common but unnecessary, experience induced by the stupidity of the experiencer and not by inevitable laws of nature. Thus Greek sculpture freed men's minds from the habit of considering the human body merely with regard to its imperfections. The Japanese grotesque frees the mind from the conception of things merely as they *have been* seen. With the art of Beardsley we enter the realm of pure intellect; the beauty of the work is wholly independent of the appearance of the things portrayed. With Rembrandt we are brought to consider the exact nature of things seen, to consider the individual face, not the conventional or type face which we may have learned to expect on canvas.

Poetry is identical with the other arts in this main purpose, that is, of liberation; it differs from them in its media, to wit, words as distinct from pigment; pure sound, clay and the like. It shares its media with music in so far as words are composed of inarticulate sounds.

Our scientist reaching toward a truth speaks of “the essentials to thought”; these are not poetry, but a constituent substance of poetry.

The Art of Poetry consists in combining these “essentials to thought,” these dynamic particles, *si licet*, this radium, with that melody of words which shall most draw the emotions of the hearer toward accord with their import, and with that “form” which shall most delight the intellect.

By “melody” I mean variation of sound quality, mingling

with a variation of stress. By "form" I mean the arrangement of the verse, *sic* into ballades, canzoni, and the like symmetrical forms, or into blank verse or into free verse, where presumably, the nature of the thing expressed or of the person supposed to be expressing it, is antagonistic to external symmetry. Form may delight by its symmetry or by its aptness.

The methods of this fusing, tempering and shaping concern the artist; the results alone are of import to the public.

II

Poets in former ages were of certain uses to the community; i.e., as historians, genealogists, religious functionaries. In Provence the *gai savoir* was both theatre and opera. The troubadour and jongleur were author, dramatist, composer, actor and popular tenor. In Tuscany the canzone and the sonnet held somewhat the place of the essay and the short story. Elizabethan drama appeared at a time when it was a society fad to speak beautifully. Has the poet, apart from these obsolete and accidental uses, any permanent function in society? I attempt the following scientific answers:

Thought is perhaps important to the race, and language, the medium of thought's preservation, is constantly wearing out. It has been the function of poets to new-mint the speech, to supply the vigorous terms for prose. Thus Tacitus is full of Vergilian half lines; and poets may be "kept on" as conservators of the public speech, or prose, perhaps, becoming more and more an art, may become, or may have become already, self-sustaining.

As the poet was, in ages of faith, the founder and emendor of all religions, so, in ages of doubt, is he the final agnostic; that which the philosopher presents as truth, the poet presents as that which appears as truth to a certain sort of mind under certain conditions.

"To thine own self be true" were nothing were it not spoken by Polonius, who has never called his soul his own.

The poet is consistently agnostic in this; that he does not postulate his ignorance as a positive thing. Thus his observa-

tions rest as the enduring data of philosophy. He grinds an axe for no dogma. Now that mechanical science has realized his ancient dreams of flight and sejunct communication, he is the advance guard of the psychologist on the watch for new emotions, new vibrations sensible to faculties as yet ill understood. As Dante writes of the sunlight coming through the clouds from a hidden source and illuminating part of a field, long before the painters had depicted such effects of light and shade, so are later watchers on the alert for color perceptions of a subtler sort, neither affirming them to be "astral" or "spiritual" nor denying the formulæ of theosophy. The traditional methods are not antiquated, nor are poets necessarily the atavisms which they seem. Thus poets may be retained as friends of this religion of doubt, but the poet's true and lasting relation to literature and life is that of the abstract mathematician to science and life. As the little world of abstract mathematicians is set a-quiver by some young Frenchman's deductions on the functions of imaginary values—worthless to applied science of the day—so is the smaller world of serious poets set a-quiver by some new subtlety of cadence. Why?

A certain man named Plarr and another man whose name I have forgotten, some years since, developed the functions of a certain obscure sort of equation, for no cause save their own pleasure in the work. The applied science of their day had no use for the deductions, a few sheets of paper covered with arbitrary symbols—without which we should have no wireless telegraph.

What the analytical geometer does for space and form, the poet does for the states of consciousness. Let us therefore consider the nature of the formulæ of analytics.

By the signs $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$, I imply the circle. By $(a - r)^2 + (b - r)^2 = (c - r)^2$, I imply the circle and its mode of birth. I am led from the consideration of the particular circles formed by my ink-well and my table-rim, to the contemplation of the circle absolute, its law; the circle free in all space, unbounded, loosed from the accidents of time and place. Is the formula nothing, or is it cabala and the sign of unintelligible magic? The engineer, understanding and translating to the many, builds for

the uninitiated bridges and devices. He speaks their language. For the initiated the signs are a door into eternity and into the boundless ether.

As the abstract mathematician is to science so is the poet to the world's consciousness. Neither has direct contact with the many, neither of them is superhuman or arrives at his utility through occult and inexplicable ways. Both are scientifically demonstrable.

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE Senate has buried the arbitration treaties. The ratification of the remains has no element of humor, utility, or solemnity. In other words, the act is characteristically Senatorial.

The nation should be grateful. We have been saved from the irretrievable blunder of leading the world in the paths of progress, of living up for once to our professed ideals, of establishing a compact which would have done more than any other international agreement recorded in history to bring self-respect and security to all classes, to remove the stigma from our hypothetical Christianity, and to reduce, inevitably, the intolerable burdens of militarism that are crushing the nations of the Old World, stultifying science and religion, and mocking the modern spirit of brotherhood and universal freedom.

But the Senate has redeemed itself from the fatal possibility of doing something worth while. It may now concentrate its energies on Florida Everglades and similar meritorious opportunities for benefiting the people, at great personal self-sacrifice.

* * *

IN no other country that claims free institutions could the will of the people have been so insolently disregarded by an unrepresentative, autocratic Second Chamber. Nine out of ten Americans have indorsed the agreements: only the "hyphenated" irreconcilables have protested. The press has been almost unanimous. Public opinion has been absolutely unmistakable. And the Senate, true to its reactionary traditions, has ignored the people and the President; has ignored the press and public opinion; has ignored everything except unreasoning prejudice. It has examined the treaties with a microscope, in the hope of discovering some possible flaw that could be twisted into a ground for future misinterpretation and controversy. It has riddled the good faith of France and England with suspicions. It has exposed itself deliberately to the condemnation and contempt of the world.

* * *

IN some quarters the defeat has been regarded as a "humiliation" for President Taft. It is his supreme justification. It redeems in him the apparent weakness that has alienated many of his supporters. For in an age of little men, he has had a big idea; and his work continues, broad and deep, beyond all present knowing. He will outrank in history a hundred such temporizing demagogues as Colonel Roosevelt has unhappily imitated. If the President wants a rallying-cry that shall carry him to a personal and national triumph, here it is, given to him by his enemies and the enemies of the people. Let him discard his weakness on the tariff question; let him moderate the judicial equability that has prevented him from leading, inspiring, compelling; let him state the definite facts of his administration, and invite comparison with those of his predecessors; let him fight—since fighting has been thrust upon him—simply, sincerely, resolutely. Natural convictions and natural qualities will always outweigh assumed virtues and vote-catching expedients. He has a great cause: an elected President *versus* an autocratic Senate; the Republic *versus* the demagogues. The verdict of the jury will follow the facts, not the faction-and-fiction-mongers.

* * *

COLONEL ROOSEVELT, unfortunately, is giving a conclusive illustration of the old idea that a man's worst enemy may be found confronting him in his mirror. It is not pleasant to see one whom the nation has been accustomed to honor, becoming more and more hopelessly entangled in the mazes of what Mr. Winston Churchill, the English Minister, once called "terminological inexactitudes." The phrase may be extended here to "third-terminological inexactitudes."

The ex-President, like most men of striking personality, has many detractors and many admirers. He himself may be numbered amongst both:—in the latter case, naturally; in the former, almost inevitably. For no one who survives his utility to his country, can very well continue to be satisfied with himself, whatever his outward professions. And of all the unkind things that may be said of a brilliant but erratic man, the

person most concerned has probably said the unkindest and the truest.

What shall be thought of the egomania of a citizen who believes, and suggests openly, that he is "the one man for the job" of saving the nation? No one has the right to be indispensable to his country. Very certainly, no one has the right to avow such reasonless self-confidence. A republic should be greater than its greatest men. When it ceases to be so, it has ceased, virtually, to be a republic.

* * *

THE ex-President is doing definite harm—not with the best intentions in the world, but very possibly with intentions that he considers sufficiently good, since he has not scrutinized them with the dispassionate care of the true patriot. Renouncing the impartial attitude and corresponding influence that should be the natural and high privilege of a former President, he has descended to the arena of partisan conflict; and while his appearance may win the plaudits of the mob, very few unbiassed men can approve either the action or the dubious attendant conditions.

Patience is a virtue; but it is not easy to be extremely virtuous when considering Colonel Roosevelt's attitude with regard to his candidacy—his pretence that he is yielding to pressure and will accept the nomination only if it be forced upon him. He no doubt believes that the country cannot get on without his official direction, and that the electorate should be given an opportunity of admitting the fact: but he has been playing a political game, and if he were not ashamed to play it, he should not be ashamed to acknowledge it. The attempt to confuse the issue and to give the veneer of patriotism to a personal ambition, is futile and not even plausible. To accept an overwhelming call is one thing: to engineer and foment what shall seem like a popular demonstration is another and very different affair. Whatever the citizens of the country may do, let them, at least, do it deliberately and with full knowledge of the circumstances and the consequences.

* * *

THE question of the dangers, problematical or defined, inherent in a third-term precedent, are discussed in another place in this issue. It is there claimed, and rightly claimed, that the question of consistency is immaterial. Whether Colonel Roosevelt intended to state what he did state in 1904 and 1907, does not affect the issue now, except in the importance that he himself seems to attach to his exculpation. The Colonel should be his own most reliable interpreter. But no attention need be paid to what he used to think, or think he thought, or to what he thinks now; to consistency or inconsistency. A change of view is appropriate to progressive principles. The vital point is what the country thinks. Without regard to the ex-President's political programme, or party, or section of a party, has he shown himself by his recent actions and utterances to be the kind of man for whom the electorate will willingly establish a most undesirable precedent? Has he shown the disinterestedness, the high-mindedness, the freedom from all taint of purely personal ambition and self-gratification, that should be found in a statesman who desires to go down to posterity as the outstanding figure in American history, the only President who has been allowed to hold office for three terms—or more? Or has he shown himself a politician who should be opposed as a menace, not to the stability, but to the ideals, of the Republic? Has his candidature become more than a party, and far less than a creditable, undertaking?

* * *

THE gravity of the situation is real and cannot be explained away with the ready jest at over-seriousness, the tolerant smile of the man who believes that all affairs will always and everywhere adjust themselves in accordance with the dictates of practical common sense, and that no special prevision or consideration can possibly be needed. But prevention is not merely better than cure: it is often easy, where a cure later on would be impossible. Colonel Roosevelt's candidature is based, not on progressive principles or national exigencies, but upon something very closely resembling hysteria. There is a general willingness, an eagerness, to accept the personal principle, to

approve, or at least condone, a fundamentally selfish ambition. A nation is not worth "saving," if it contains only one man who can save it. And when that man has allowed a high reputation to be considerably dimmed by dubious political practices; when he scarcely disguises the autocratic tendency of his growing megalomania; and when the present "*I am the party*" is already being adapted to the future "*L'état, c'est moi*"—it is time to pay a little attention to obvious facts and definite probabilities. Diogenes, when observed with a lighted lantern in the market-place at mid-day, replied to a natural question as to what he was seeking: "I am looking for a man." But Colonel Roosevelt stands with his lighted lantern in the market-place at mid-day, and beneath the limelight on the stage at night; and he waits for no prompting to reiterate his emphatic "*Ecce homo!*"

* * *

MR. ASQUITH, the British Premier, while crossing the Channel recently on his return from the Continent, was fortunate enough to meet a gentle suffragette, who describes her experience—and Mr. Asquith's—in *Votes for Women*. "We met on the main deck," she writes, "and I stood opposite to him for one paralyzed moment, but the next found myself saying 'Votes for women, Mr. Asquith!' in a determined tone into his ear. . . . Each time I passed I gave him the reminder."

The suffragettes in England have deliberately adopted a policy of offensive warfare—and sometimes it has been very offensive indeed. Great movements are not carried to success in these days by an attitude of *laissez faire*, and those who are fighting for sex-equality maintain that fifty years of constitutional agitation was almost barren of results. More energetic methods were necessary. But it is painfully evident that many of the women have confused energy and indomitable perseverance with sheer vulgarity. If such regrettable methods are persisted in, and are not disowned by the reputable women, the cause that they are working for must suffer, and suffer deservedly. Women will obtain the vote, no doubt: but if they show the same unscrupulousness in using it that they are employing

in the campaign to secure it, there may be good reason to regret a victory more disastrous than a defeat. It is quite time for a little plain speaking. There are many noble and true women among the leaders of the movement; but there are others who have lost all sense of proportion, or even of common decency. If the campaign in America had been conducted with so little regard for reason, and so much for violence, it would very soon have been discredited.

* * *

So far as Mr. Asquith is concerned, he merely holds, conscientiously, opinions which have been held by the majority of men and women for generations, and which are still held by at any rate a respectable minority of both sexes to-day. In his public capacity as a Minister, he may fairly be subjected to all legitimate pressure. But as a private gentleman he should be immune from such painful vulgarity as is evidenced in the paragraph quoted. If the women had really gained the consummate knowledge of parliamentary strategy that has been attributed to them by some of their admirers, they might have seen in Mr. Asquith's Manhood Suffrage proposals an opportunity for strengthening their position. Even the gifts of an enemy may be transformed into a Bill that a National Bank will honor. Mr. Lloyd George stated definitely in his Albert Hall speech that two-thirds of the Cabinet, three-fourths of the Liberal party and one-third of the Conservatives were in favor of the cause, while the Labor party had unanimously endorsed the principle. Yet, with a Bill framed so that an amendment extending the vote to women, with or without restrictions, could be accepted; with the Government pledged, if such an amendment were carried, to regard it as an integral part of the measure; and with the support indicated by Mr. Lloyd George's figures,—the women could see no wiser course than that of continued vituperation. It may be that they were right, that the scope of the Bill and the natural opposition of the Conservatives to its drastic provisions would remove all chance of a successful amendment, even in a House that supported the general principle. Yet it would seem that, whatever Mr.

Asquith's real motives, he had played into the suffragists' hands; that his alleged astuteness could have been used for his destruction. The Bill that was introduced as one for manhood suffrage might very well have emerged as one for adult suffrage. To deny this possibility is not to disprove it. The feat would not have been easy; but it might have been attempted. To concentrate on legitimate measures, with the majority of Members of Parliament in their favor and with the approval of the public, won over by the change to dignity and reason, would not have been more difficult for the women than to plan exhibitions of hysterical violence and to attempt to justify them by instituting parallels between themselves and all the mob-spirited rioters of whom they could find record. At least, the militants were given an opportunity to revise their policy and improve their methods. They declined, and emphasized their refusal by the most senseless of all their absurd outbreaks.

* * *

So far, the English suffragists have been carrying on a class struggle, as distinctly and sectionally as Capital, or Labor, or any other organization that fights for its special interests, whether it enforces its demands with dynamite or broken glass. Their progress has been from doubtful methods to bad methods; from bad to worse. In the Albert Hall meeting previously referred to, with a conciliatory Minister on the platform, the conduct of the militants was so outrageous that one white-haired woman stood up in the stalls and cried: "Cannot you behave like ladies for once?" while later on Mrs. Fawcett, appealing vainly for some semblance of order, said: "I think it a disgrace to women to behave in this way. I wonder they do not have more feeling, seeing that we have only women stewards." The subsequent campaign of hysteria and mob-mania suggests the theatric demonstrations of paid, professional agitators, working with crude material, seeing little beyond the moment, caring nothing for justice, logic, private or public rights; and ignoring the natural difficulties. After all, the opposition to votes for women is not a recent and incomprehensible thing. It is found in almost as many women as men, and

should be broken down, as every other prejudice should be broken down, by reasoning, fortitude, the proof of fitness. To attempt to horsewhip or intimidate everybody who differs from you is not a satisfactory way of argument, even though the United States Senate has affirmed the principle in international relations. If Mr. Asquith changed his sincere convictions because he has been stoned, vilified and treated with intolerable vulgarity, he would seem a curious type of man to all but the blindest suffragette. Are stones, hammers and whips to be taken as indications of their future line of persuasion?

Fortunately, the defence of the women's cause is not with the misguided and too often frenzied agitators who have misrepresented the great body of Englishwomen, but with those saner feminists of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Australia, New Zealand and this country, who have won or are winning their way without losing their self-respect and the respect of all who still wish to associate womanliness with women. If the procedure of Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and their followers has been based, as some apologists have claimed, on that of the Irish party, England's reluctance to concede Home Rule would not be entirely incomprehensible. The English suffragists are certainly wearying many of their friends, who would gladly dissociate themselves from the stupid excesses of the militant programme, though they still believe in the fundamental justice of the cause, and its eventual triumph.

* * *

THE recent conduct of the New York press has been very reprehensible. It is unkind to draw attention to anything that is not pleasant and soothing, both for the old and the young person; and it is more than unkind—it is almost an outrage—to stigmatize as a “crime wave” a series of such trifling details as daylight robbery with murder or brutal violence, or a little playful exercise with blackjacks. Mayor Gaynor has, as usual, administered a deserved rebuke to those who attacked in such an insidious way the fair fame of the city. No reasonable citizen could expect to use the streets with a sense of security, or to conduct his business without the persuasive influence of a

revolver. It is absurd to hold the police force responsible for the prevention or detection of crime. They have a prescriptive right to be called "the finest and best" on festive occasions; they conduct their affairs according to an excellent system; they are happy, and almost ornamental. So long as the Commissioner is changed at frequent intervals, what more can be expected from a busy and successful administration? Summary removal is an excellent way of insuring competence; it keeps a man up to his work—in his next venture; it gives the city the benefit of an inexperienced successor, who can be dismissed in similar fashion before he has become firmly settled in the saddle; and it has a salutary effect upon the discipline, efficiency and general *morale* of the force.

We have the assurance of Commissioner Waldo—indorsed by the Mayor and therefore reliable—that there has been "no unusual amount of crime in the city." What appears to the uninformed to constitute a most deplorable crime wave is merely the normal lawlessness of the city that must never be criticised. This is comforting. The danger of the citizens is not temporary or unusual. They may consider it a permanent experience, and should learn to regard it with the complacency shown by the police.

* * *

LORD LISTER died in the fulness of time, of honor—and of loneliness. He never recovered, mentally, from the death of his wife, nineteen years ago. Childless, knowing that his work was done, that his real life was over, he lingered through the slow years of old age—years made more wearisome and painful by the infirmities of body and mind which he had at last to endure.

Those who knew him have spoken of the habitual sadness of his face. He had none of that look, which Pasteur sometimes had, of mastery and vehemence; his expression was restful, thoughtful, gentle. His voice was singularly quiet. He seemed to have no room in his heart for anger: very little even for controversy. In what may be called the spiritual aspect of his work he and Pasteur were much alike: the same essential

humility, the same laborious and self-judging perseverance, the same passionate desire for truth, the same reverence.

The London *Spectator*, in illustrating the results of the famous surgeon's work, takes "one of a thousand instances of the world's debt to Pasteur and Lister"—the operation for empyema (abscess inside the chest). It is to-day one of the simplest and safest of all operations: the recoveries, in favorable cases, are more than ninety per cent. The actual operation is as old as Hippocrates; and he did it as it is done now, with a free incision. But, somewhere in the Middle Ages, this bit of his wisdom got lost, and was not found again in the Renaissance. Then came the dreadful time, when empyema was treated by repeated punctures with a hollow needle; and as the needle was not sterilized, the fluid in the chest was slowly made more and more septic. We read, half a century ago, of cases punctured 58, 74, and 122 times; and out of forty-eight patients thus tormented, only six were healed. Even those surgeons who, before Pasteur and Lister, used a free incision, were helpless: Velpeau lost 11 cases out of 12, Dupuytren 48 out of 50, and Sir Astley Cooper complained that he "could not get a single cure." To-day no major operation is more simple and more uniformly successful.

* * *

A STORY used to be told—probably without any foundation in fact—of the late Duke of Devonshire, who long occupied a prominent position in British politics, and was once given an opportunity of forming a Cabinet. His curious lethargy provided for decades an unfailing inspiration for caricature, and he was probably the most consistent public yawner in the three kingdoms. The story, or the invention, ran that during a journey in the Far East the Marquis of Hartington, as he then was, passed most of the time profitably and consistently in deep slumber; and that an enterprising correspondent, catching a glimpse of the impressive sleeper in his railway-car, immediately cabled to his paper: "Profound repose in the Orient."

Statesmen are still caught napping when they should be wide awake; but neither in the Orient nor in the Occident is

there at present profound repose. China is celebrating her relief from Manchu tyranny by mutinies and executions, looting, alarums and forays. Mexico is showing her appreciation of the downfall of Porfirio Diaz' autocracy by an orgy of disorder—of what may very well be called "general" paralysis, in that land where field-officers are almost as numerous as enlisted men. England, with her strikes, her suffragettes, her present and prospective political and social problems, is scarcely in a state of abnormal tranquillity. In Germany, beneath the crust of officialism, of tradition and of the prestige of the Hohenzollerns, there is the growing unrest and the growing strength of socialism. Italy, having annexed Tripoli, is suffering from indigestion. Persia is waiting to be devoured. Ireland is divided against herself. Austria, anæsthetized, is preparing to awaken. Spain and Portugal may at any moment confront anarchy. Russia, with one paw on Persia and the other on Mongolia, is reckoning the price of peace.

Fortunately, Monaco is not disturbed.

And we in this country have no anxieties. Labor is contented, Capital beneficent. Law and Order prevail universally. Our educational system is unimprovable. The Tariff is entrenched in the affections of the people. The electorate has absolute confidence in its judges, its executives, its legislatures. The principles of republicanism are ineradicably rooted in the intelligence and devotion of all citizens. Our cities are models of administrative efficiency. Patriotism is founded on justice and utterly divorced from prejudice. Currency and banking problems have been finally solved. We have refrained from a generous settlement of the Colombian question merely because we know that we were right in every detail: besides, we do not believe in arbitrating questions "affecting the national honor." The tone of our political and social life is high. Grafting organizations have been shamed out of existence. The divorce evil is furnishing its own remedy, as the supply of the undivorced is nearly exhausted. High finance never interferes with the Government; our leading men are actuated solely by regard for the public welfare; Professor Roosevelt has demonstrated that in logic the universal negative does not exclude the particular affirmative; and all's well with the world.